SPRING BOOKS

THE NEW

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# Clueless in Gaza?

THIS weekend there seems a real chance that American policy towards Israel may be changing. Ten days ago President Eisenhower, subject no doubt to considerable electoral pressures, reaffirmed his undertaking to Congress never to "order American troops into any kind of action which could be interpreted as war without prior approval by Congress." Whether or not this statement actually precipitated last week's flare-up at Gaza, it certainly knocked the stuffing out of the Tripartite Declaration.

Last Tuesday's further statement by the President (coupled with the comings and goings between Washington and Mr. Eisenhower's holiday hide-out in Georgia) has led to a wide belief that the President is now seeking a general Congressional mandate—similar to the one which already permits immediate action in the Formosa strait. So far so good. But what would such a change really mean? "Aggression" on the Israel frontier will not look as it looked in Poland in 1939, or even in Korea in 1950. Already Israeli territory is nightly violated by Arab commandoes, and Israeli frontier patrols are daily shot up by Arab mortars. Each of these incidents is small in itself—scarcely to be accounted an act of war. But in sum they are an intolerable provocation to Israel; and every now and then the Israeli government replies, as at Gaza a week ago, with a massive retaliation. In these circumstances the definition of aggression could require the judgment of Solomon; and even then all would depend on when he happened to sit in judgment. On Thursday of last week, for instance, a heavy bombardment by Israeli guns could reasonably lead to the view that Israel had taken the decision to embark on full scale war; but every day and night for the previous month an equally conscientious judge could have held that the land of Israel was already under invasion.

This sort of confusion shows how uncertain the timing of any British and American intervention would probably be—even if the will to intervene against an aggressor genuinely existed. Yet speed would be essential to protect Israel from the possibility of a knock-out blow. No wonder the Israelis are sceptical and remain convinced that they must continue to provide their own deterrent. The first comment, therefore, on the value of a firmer U.S. commitment to the Tripartite Declaration is that, as far as Israel is concerned, it can be no substitute for the supply of modern defensive weapons; and we reaffirm our view that Britain can considerably reduce the risk of war by supplying Israel immediately with up-to-date radar equipment, fighters and anti-tank guns. Such a step would, paradoxically, also weaken the preventive war faction in Israel.

But there is another level at which U.S. policy ought to be judged. The solution to the Israeli frontier problem cannot be found in an arms race between Israel and her Arab neighbours. That, however, will not be avoided without an understanding between the great powers. Whether the West likes it or not, Russia is now a front-rank diplomatic power in the Middle East, and sooner or later the Russian leaders must be brought to the conference table to discuss what co-existence means in this area. When the Soviet leaders come, Sir Anthony must start what may be a protracted and tough negotiation. The task of reaching with the Russians an understanding on the Middle East which is compatible with Arab independence is going to be difficult enough anyhow; it will be virtually impossible if the western powers remain so publicly and helplessly divided as they have been recently. President Eisenhower's "major foreign policy declaration" next week could lead both to a realignment of U.S. policy in the Middle East with that of Britain and to a convincing reaffirmation of the Tripartite Declaration. If it does, it will enable Sir Anthony to talk with the Russians from a position of reasonable diplomatic strength.

# Comments on the Week's News

## The Labour Party Treasurership

Trade union intrigues over the Labour treasurership have flared up again just when it looked as if Mr. Bevan's nomination might go unchallenged. The first moves have come from the leaders of two unions where Mr. Bevan's rank-and-file support is strong—the distributive workers and the engineers. Once again the rank-and-file seem to have been outmanœuvred by the leadership. An attempt at the recent U.S.D.A.W. conference to nominate Mr. Bevan was successfully resisted by the general secretary on the grounds that the treasurership ought not to be "a cock-pit of ideological strife". Mr. Birch gave no indication, however, of a suitable "non-ideological" candidate. Last year the distributive workers gave their support to Mr. Gaitskell, who might be considered to have special technical qualifications for the post of treasurer. This year Mr. Gaitskell is not in the running; and the two challengers to Mr. Bevan so far nominated—Mr. George Brown and Mr. Charles Pannell—are conspicuous for their anti-Bevanism rather than for their reputations as financiers. Mr. Brown, who is nominated by his local Labour party, is not yet formally a trade union candidate, though no doubt he counts on the support of his own union, the T. and G.W. But the nomination of Mr. Pannell by the executive of the A.E.U. is a straightforward bid by the union's leaders to keep out Mr. Bevan at all costs. For the past two years the national committee of the union—which represents a rank-and-file point of view—has been squabbling with the executive over the way in which the union's vote for the treasurership has been cast. By nominating Mr. Pannell, an A.E.U.-sponsored M.P., the executive may be able to confuse the national committee's support for Mr. Bevan by the conventional appeal for loyalty to one of their own men.

## Towards Moroccan Unity

The joint Spanish-Moroccan declaration on the independence of the Spanish Zone marks a decisive step towards the reunification of the old Sheriffian Empire. By conceding all the Moroccan demands—which he had emphatically refused three months ago—Franco has gracefully bowed before the inevitable. Once his plan to settle Moroccan independence by a tripartite conference—and thus strengthen the bargaining position of the protecting powers *vis-à-vis* the Moroccans—had been blocked by the Quai d'Orsay, it was plain that he would have to go at least as far as the French; but, in the event, he has had to concede much more. The terms of the two agreements are very similar, but "interdependence"—the formula used to cover future economic relations between France and Morocco—has been replaced, at Moroccan insistence, by the much vaguer phrase "free co-operation." The future status of the peseta has yet to be determined, but French commentators are probably correct in assuming that it will be replaced by the Moroccan franc, thus opening up the Spanish Zone to French capital. Similarly, although the Spanish may be able to hold on to their bases in Ceuta and Mellila, they will almost certainly lose their valuable privileges in Tangiers. Hence, Franco's cynical policy of aiding the Moroccan nationalists against the French has paid poor dividends; he has lost more than the French, who have, if anything, gained at his expense.

## Unions and the Car Slump

The Amalgamated Engineering Union has taken the initiative in organising a discussion between the 20 unions whose members in the automobile industry have been affected by redundancy and short time. Very properly the unions have called for a Government inquiry into the whole position of the industry, including its export organisation, its profits and its investment programme. The investment plans, indeed, will bear close scrutiny, because the intended expansion programmes seem to bear more relation to the competitive position between different manufacturers than to the export problems of the industry as a whole. Such an inquiry, therefore, is necessary, and in the meantime the unions themselves should do some hard thinking about the prospects of the industry. For, in the long run, their view of it may matter as much as that of the manufacturers, and they should decide what part they believe it should play in the national economy, and how it can best be organised. It is not enough for them to echo, even as a temporary expedient, the pleas of the motor manufacturers for a relaxation of credit and hire-purchase restrictions, and for a cut in purchase tax. That may get the cars moving off the storage lots, but they will still be moving on to the home market. The fundamental question is how to get British cars moving overseas again—and that involves the question of controls as well as the question of design.

## Kenya Government and African Politics

The decision of the Kenya government not to ban the Federation of Labour after all is a tribute to the timely intervention of Sir Vincent Tewson and the T.U.C. This unseemly incident reflects the unstable state of the political scene in Kenya today. The government first publicly threatened to ban the Federation because of its alleged intervention in politics. Now it has withdrawn the threat after Sir Vincent's visit to Nairobi. It is clear that members of the Kenya government are divided and confused over the entry of Africans into organised politics. It is equally obvious from this incident, and from the prohibition on national political organisations of Africans, that members of the government itself still labour under the illusion that they can control African politics and regiment the politicians. Everybody knows that genuine trade unionists must be free to express a trade union view on political matters. Members of the Kenya government will have to learn that political ideas, too, cannot be held on reins.

## The New Government in Djakarta

When Indonesia's first elected parliament meets on April 20 it will discuss a new bill providing for the abrogation of the Round Table Conference agreements with Holland. Now that Indonesian political leaders have worked Dutch colonialism out of their system, they can look ahead to new and far more satisfactory commercial relations, not only with Holland—these will now be on a bilateral basis—but with other countries, including Great Britain. Indeed, financial and commercial talks have already started which will mean extended markets for British industrial goods and a larger import of Indonesia's rich resources. Dr. Ali Sastroamidjojo's new cabinet has a good deal of fresh blood, if not enough young blood. His first statement of policy was one with which every political party was in agreement: the Communists supported it, and expressed disagreement only with the personnel of the government. This they were bound to do, since they were not included in it. They are now the official opposition to a government which has brought together the Nationlist Party (P.N.I.) and the two Muslim parties, the Masjumi and the Nahdatul Ulama. Many political and personal rivalries seem to have been overcome and the emphasis today is on national unity.

## Salaries for Teachers

Since Easter, organised teachers of all kinds have been discussing their salary problems. The National Association of Schoolmasters demanded a professional basic scale of at least £675 to £1,125, going on record in favour of more and unequal pay. The National Union of Women Teachers, on the other hand, demanded not so much more pay as more equality. As for the N.U.T., the Blackpool Conference was barely long enough, though it lasted a week, to accommodate the debate on salaries and to tie the Executive to a minimum basic scale of £500 to £1,050 in the current Burnham negotiations. It is generally known that the local authorities have already offered a scale of something like £500 to £850 and had it rejected. The question now is how firmly and even violently teachers should go on rejecting anything short of their basic demand. The N.U.T., having "deplored the vacillation of the executive," decided to stop short at refusing duties connected with school meals (though continuing its ban on savings). As soon as we can, we must change the concept of teaching as an impoverished profession. But the scale of salaries is only one, though it is the most pressing, feature of this problem; as the editor of the *Journal of Education* emphasised in introducing its April supplement on "Salaries for Teachers," the conditions of entry and promotion for teachers need to be basically reconsidered if "the profession is to justify the title and provide more precisely defined and calculable prospects for people of imagination and attainment."

## Scientists and Technologists

Sir David Eccles wants to keep his cake and eat it. Like Sir Anthony Eden and Sir Winston Churchill, the Minister of Education recognises the desperate need to increase the output of scientists, technologists and technicians. The latest White Paper urges an expansion of the facilities for technological and technical education; but apart from borrowing the graduate employees of industry, Sir David offers no suggestions for staffing such institutions, or for finding science teachers for the schools from which the students are supposed to come. Part of the trouble is due to the fact that there are not enough science graduates for government and industrial research, both of which are more attractive than science-teaching. The Minister therefore proposes to make available two thousand state scholarships, now earmarked for university honours degree courses, equally available to students studying at technical colleges for the new technological award, while he is increasing the ordinary state technical scholarships by 30—from 120 to 150. This is absurd. Instead of increasing scholarship facilities to meet the new situation, he is simply diverting to the technical colleges the state awards which might have helped to produce university-trained teachers.

# News from our Own Correspondents

## New York

### Formulas for Victory

*Our New York Correspondent writes:* The results of the primary elections so far held suggest that a change in traditional American voting patterns may be in process. Primaries are not always a completely reliable guide to the voting in the subsequent substantive election: procedures in the various states are often more flexible, the issues and personalities somewhat more blurred and the motivations of the individual voter less clear-cut. Nevertheless, the outcome of the primaries in New Hampshire, Minnesota and Wisconsin, together with reports on the progress of campaigns in other states, indicate that neither party can this year expect the solid support of those groups within the electorate upon which they normally rely in presidential elections. In the case of the Republicans, it would seem at this point that the rural vote has been disaffected by the sharp decline in farm incomes that has been going on for some years. In all three states, the Democratic vote in the rural areas was much higher than normally. In Wisconsin, for example, Kefauver in a straight popularity contest with Eisenhower managed to get 42 per cent. of the vote as compared with only 25 per cent. for the Democrats in 1952. And most of the advance was registered in the farm counties. What is most disturbing for the Democrats is that in Milwaukee, and in other urban constituencies, they lost ground. The Democrats usually rely on the labour vote and the ethnic minorities and some of the support seems to have been dissipated. Working people are apparently giving the Eisenhower administration credit for the continued economic prosperity and many Negroes in the North are chastising the Democrats for their equivocation.

What does all this mean in terms of campaign strategy between now and November? For the Republicans, there is the necessity to play up the personality of Eisenhower—who, in the minds of many voters, is curiously held to be above the responsibilities of partisan politics—and to emphasize that the present administration has brought peace and plenty. They can point to the fact that national income is now running at $387 thousand million, as compared with $345 thousand million when Eisenhower took over in 1952. They can point out—much as their own right wing dislikes it—that the social trends set in motion by Roosevelt and Truman have been continued. For example, labour's share in the national income amounted to 65 per cent. during Truman's seven years, but rose to 69 per cent. under the Eisenhower regime. At the same time, corporation profits, after taxes, have dropped from 7.8 per cent. of national income under Truman to 6 per cent. under Eisenhower. They can also assert—for the benefit of the Negroes—that it was during a period of Republican control that significant advances in de-segregation took place. With respect to the farmers, the Republicans are in a difficult position. With this in mind, Eisenhower has finally decided not to veto the Democratic farm bill.

The Democrats are also having to re-think their strategy. The Liberals in the North are saying that the time has come to stop pampering southern conservative sentiment. They are saying that this is not only a question of principle but also a matter of plain practical politics. They must recapture the urban masses, it is claimed, even if they do alienate the South. Roosevelt could have won all his four elections without the South, and Truman won in 1948 despite the breakaway of four Dixiecrat states. This is because both made heavy inroads into the farm vote above the Mason-Dixon line and gathered solid support in the cities. Kefauver has already realised the force of this proposition and even in Florida has been forthright on civil rights. Stevenson is also being driven more and more to depart from his "moderate" approach. It is now realised that the South is a strictly regional problem area. Elections are won or lost elsewhere.

## Westminster

### No Palace Revolution

The House of Commons is one of the most conventional and, in the conduct of its own affairs, one of the least democratic bodies in this country. If any borough council allowed its Town Hall to be run in the way we allow the House of Commons to be run, its members would be ejected at the first election. Even the House of Lords is more democratic. The Lords regularly appoint a sessional committee which gives instructions about the running of their House to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who is the Queen's representative in the Palace of Westminster. But the Commons has no such committee. When the House is not sitting the Lord Great Chamberlain has absolute say over our premises; and even when the House is sitting, members have no decisive say in its administration, which is under the authority of the Speaker and another representative of the Queen, the Sergeant-at-Arms.

Do Members want to have writing desks for their own use or alter the layout of the tea room or decide at what hour the Strangers' Bar shall close? Do they want to have a say in the appointment of the officers of the House or insist that House of Commons librarians should have specific qualifications? Until recently they had no say whatever in such things. Then came signs of revolt and the development of a Members' shop-stewards movement. A committee of Members began to probe into the administration of the House and discovered some things that surprised even it—such as that certain jobs in the House had been passed on from father to son, or that other jobs were the perquisite of retired soldiers from a particular regiment, or that some people have been allowed to retain rooms in the House for no very obvious reason.

Indeed, it became clear that Members of the House of Commons, many of whom are professional fulminators against privilege, had examples of privilege right underneath their noses, yet for years had done nothing about them. But even when this committee presented its report, no great revolution in the Palace resulted. All that happened was that an *advisory* committee of Members was established to make recommendations to the Speaker on the running of the House. But the Speaker is under no obligation to take its advice. From the rumblings I now hear, I should not be surprised if before long Members try to take matters into their own hands.

If that happens it might then be possible to sweep away some other anachronisms. On the hat-peg allotted to each Member there is a slip of pink ribbon from which to hang his sword. Members have not carried swords for years, yet the ribbons persist. They are supposed to be a link with our past. What, in fact, they are is a wretched nuisance to the cloakroom attendants who have to tie them.

Then there is Black Rod, that saboteur of House of Commons debates. Because the Queen herself may not enter our Chamber, she sends Black Rod, her messenger, to the House of Commons from time to time to hear the Royal Assent given in the Lords to certain Bills. Whether this formality is still desirable can be debated. But what is certainly undesirable is that Black Rod should so regularly time his entrance for the moment when a Commons debate has just come fully to life. During the resulting forty minutes break, trends of argument are lost and atmosphere is dissipated. At least it should be arranged that Black Rod pays his visits on a Friday morning at the beginning of business—even if this means a five- instead of a four-day week in the Lords.

As for the conventions, one that might well go is the ban on mentioning a Member by name. The original purpose of the ban was to protect, by anonymity, any Member whose speeches might get him into trouble with the King. But the Monarch can now read the Member's proper name in Hansard the following morning, so there seems little point in our persistently referring to Mr. Jones as the Right Honourable Gentleman the Member for Buxton-without-the-Wall (North East). It would be simpler just to say "Mr. Jones," especially as few Members can remember their colleagues' constituencies and have to resort to such variants as "the Honourable Gentleman who sits Below the Gangway and spoke so movingly," or "the Right Honourable Gentleman who was here a short while ago but who has just gone out." Even the convention by which a Member of the opposite party is called "the Honourable Gentleman," while a Member of one's own Party is called "my Honourable Friend" now sometimes seems archaic and misleading.

I am, however, in favour of keeping some other conventions of Parliamentary speech. It is probably better for a Member to say, "I am sure that the Honourable Gentleman does not wish to misrepresent me," when he really means, "Old Jones is either a liar or so stupid that he hasn't understood what I said". "I do not wish to interrupt the Honourable Gentleman but . . ." is surely preferable to "Old Jones knows quite well that I'm interrupting him just to show the Speaker that I'm paying attention and therefore should be allowed to catch his eye later on". As for "I do not intend to follow the Honourable Gentleman in the arguments he has just developed", that merely means, "Look here, old Jones, you've stuck here for three hours to get your speech in. I'm going to get mine in now. I shan't refer to anything you've said because I should lose my way if I tried to debate. So trot out for a cuppa if you want to". I would keep that convention at all costs. Not having to listen to another Member's speech is, at times, one of the blessed reliefs of Parliament.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

NEXT WEEK

**MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE**
*In defence of Randolph Churchill*

**REGINALD REYNOLDS**
*The Pierrepoint Papers*

**NOEL ANNAN H. R. TREVOR-ROPER**
**A. J. P. TAYLOR ANGUS WILSON**
*contribute Book Reviews*

# Uncommitted Ceylon

FOREIGN diplomats have been accustomed to the idea of Ceylon as a neatly stable, rather happy-go-lucky member of the Commonwealth with a knighted, gallant prime minister, Sir John Kotelawala, who became a Companion of Honour in last New Year's honours list, and won the acclaim of the western world for his anti-Communist performance at Bandung last April. Neither they, nor the visitors who looked on Ceylon as a paradise for lotus-eaters, had appreciated the deep gap which, as this general election has shown, has been growing between the people and the ruling United National Party. Once the U.N.P., like the National Congress in India, was the party of nationalist expression, but after the death of its deeply respected leader Mr. R. G. Senanayake and then the resignation of his Gandhi-ist son, Mr. Dudley Senanayake, two months ago, the U.N.P. lost its popular appeal; it has been increasingly identified with the middle and wealthy groups in Ceylon, not with the 90 per cent of the people who still live in villages and still use the wooden plough, the oxen-drawn cart and the outrigger canoe.

Sir John Kotelawala's flamboyant anti-Communism would have gone down well in an American election; in the villages of Ceylon it signified the bankruptcy of the U.N.P. Corruption, too, seems to have crept into the party, and in the absence of any leader who had the ear of the people, the U.N.P. was bound to lose seats. Its complete collapse was nevertheless a surprise. Sir John Kotelawala himself had his majority reduced by half to 8,000—by a 22-year-old student.

A general election in Ceylon was not due until next year. The U.N.P. decided to dissolve parliament last February after the Tamil M.P.s had resigned in protest against the policy of adopting Sinhalese as the sole national language in place of the equal status of Sinhalese and Tamil. About 60 per cent. of the people are Sinhalese, and Sir John Kotelawala seems to have assumed that a fight on this issue would give his U.N.P. a new lease of life—more particularly since the opposition, led by Mr. Bandaranaike, supported his plan. The election campaign provided a platform for a deeply felt criticism of the government's handling of rice subsidies and for a protest against the continued existence of a British naval base in Trincomalee and an air base which was designed as a military half-way stop for planes between the Middle East and Singapore. Nationalist feeling has in fact reached its second stage in Ceylon, as elsewhere in South-East Asia: it demands not only a free constitution, but a policy of independent development, free from "colonialism."

The Americans have played their hands very maladroitly in Ceylon. No one could have been more enthusiastically anti-Communist than the defeated Prime Minister. Yet, because Ceylon made an agreement in 1952 to send 50,000 metric tons of rubber to China in return for 270,000 tons of rice, she was considered ineligible to receive American assistance under the terms of the Battle Act. Earlier this year, partly as a result of Sir Anthony Eden's talks with President Eisenhower, the United States modified this policy and decided to extend five million dollars in aid to Ceylon, in spite of her trade with China and her trade agreements with Poland, Czechoslavakia and Rumania. The concession came too late to help Sir John Kotelawala.

Mr. Solomon West Ridgway Diaz Bandaranaike, Ceylon's new prime minister, a contemporary of Sir Anthony Eden at Christ Church, was a member of the first State Council, Minister for Local Administration (1936-1947) and then held the portfolios of Health and Local Government. He calls himself a "democratic Socialist." He sees colonial rule as a means of forcing an unbalanced economy on countries and low and static living conditions on the village people. He has often stressed the crucial importance of local self-government in the change-over from a colonial administration and economy to a national administration and economy. The party which he leads—the Sri Lanka (Ceylon Freedom Party)—fought the recent elections on a programme which is reminiscent of the Labour Party when it made nationalisation the key to its domestic policy. The Sri Lanka, and the smaller parties which combined with it to form the People's United Front, stood for closer diplomatic relations with Moscow and with Peking, for the withdrawal of British forces from the air and naval bases in Ceylon and for a Republic of Ceylon. Whether that should be inside or outside the Commonwealth is not defined; but it seems probable that the Commonwealth connection may be continued.

The new prime minister means to get down to work at once. He will save time, he says, by not going to any receptions for a year and money by refusing garlands. His emphasis will be on steps to get rid of unemployment—the Central Bank survey undertaken last year showed that 500,000 adults were unemployed or under-employed; on projects for the development of irrigation; on improvements in the public services, and on building a Socialist economy in the democratic way. On international problems, the new government is likely to be in line with those of India, Burma and Indonesia, neutralist and non-involved strategically, an addition to the group of "five principle" powers which have signed treaties of friendship with China. Mr. Bandaranaike's victory will be welcomed by all those Bandung powers which were angered by Sir John Kotelawala's performance a year ago, and, particularly by India.

"If the free world is to escape being engulfed," the new premier says, "all its efforts should be directed at ensuring 25 years of peace, during which we may hope that Communist ideas will become moderated and lose their dynamic force; perhaps recent changes in Russia mark the beginning of some such process." Clearly his views differ little from those of his friend, Mr. Nehru. Both now see a hope of solving the awkward quarrel about the Tamil that has long troubled Ceylon's relations with India and also in working together to strengthen the non-committed Asian group of nations.

# Edwardian Economics and the Budget

FOR six long years under the Labour government production steadily increased. Progress was almost twice as fast as before the war. It was a very different picture from the Geddes-axed stagnation of the period after the first world war, when orthodox economics ruled unchallenged. One might have hoped that lessons driven in so forcibly would stick. Not a bit of it. The orthodox army, the financial editors and the propagandists of middle-class misery in the Tory Central Office, continued to preach the lush attractions of economic freedom. From Sir Dennis Robertson to Professor Robbins; from the *Financial Times* to Keynes's old bugbears, the bank chairmen, they all praised the superior merit of the unfettered price mechanism. They proudly exhibited the outmoded Edwardian fashion plates—the stove-pipe to squeeze the lower parts of the economic body and the resplendent velvet and shiny hats of the upper end.

The more reckless of these Edwardian economists threw their inhibitions to the wind. "Were all these hardships necessary?" asked Mr. Harrod from the kitchen sink; "Was an increase in investment really needed?" Back came the confident answer from Colin Clark and Professor Devons: "No, of course not." Leave the "consumer" to the peaceful enjoyment of his income. He (and not the man from Whitehall) knows best. "Abolish controls," they said. "Free the great commodity markets. Lift up the creative middle-class by giving incentives to greater effort and all will be well." The experience of the 1930s was forgotten. The fact that the individual cannot possibly judge the community's need for investment was ignored.

Things look different today. Liberalisation of trade has increased the demand for consumption, especially luxury consumption. So it has increased imports. Are we not the best customers for French champagnes and Italian cheeses? It has also made exports more difficult, because we have encountered American, Japanese and German competition in our formerly protected markets. Our balance of payments, rescued by good luck in 1952, has gradually subsided into disorder. No longer do we hear so much talk of the benefits of economic freedom. Harshness is the order of the day. Yet the controls which used to buttress our international position have been surrendered and even a budget surplus has recently seemed unfashionable.

There remains only the rate of interest to check demand. That can merely work globally, by cutting first investment and then income, regardless of whether the income concerned would tax our balance of payments or not. Orthodoxy, therefore, is obliged to pretend that our trouble is "inflationary"; that we are spending too much in general—when it is clear that some people are spending too much on the wrong things, while some very necessary spending on productive investment is being neglected. As a result of all this, the advocates of private profligacy have suddenly changed their tune. Plain speech has become impossible; for even our Edwardian economists feel the need to accept some of the modern conventions. It is not possible to demand a cut in the national income, coupled with an increasing maldistribution of what remains. So a new language of flowery circumlocution has to be invented. White is black and black is white. Less is more; and in wondrous word pictures we are encouraged to scourge ourselves for the good of the body. The "froth is blown," "corsets are applied," the "water is squeezed," the "rosy mist is cleared away."

Listen to Mr. Graham Hutton in the *Westminster Bank Review* discussing liberalisation:

> The seller's market has vanished. Our competitors have recovered and are plaguing us. Indiscriminative ladling-out of dollar subsidies has ceased. World commodity prices are weak. Farmers aren't doing so well. Short time is being worked. Some things seem terribly dear, others surprisingly cheap. Natural markets, natural price-relationships are being re-established. We

are getting back to economic bedrock. It is a long time since we in Britain recognised economic bedrock, or could even feel where it lay. We had been buttressed, cushioned, shielded, veiled, camouflaged and shock-absorbed, until we did not know whether butter was naturally more costly than tobacco, or eggs than bananas. We had got ourselves into a fiscal fog . . .

Like international travellers, we have awakened in the night to see a strange, bleak panorama where we had expected almost tropical lushness. The veils are down; the masks are off; the myths are dying. Only the slogans remain, and they convince only the converted.

It is the twilight of the controllers.

I suspect that what Mr. Hutton really means is that he (like the readers of the *Westminster Bank Review*) is dissatisfied with the redistribution of wealth and income and resents the taxation which has to be imposed if the necessities of life are to be brought within the reach of the poorer families, whose special problems cannot be solved through the higgling of the market. He has not shown, of course—he could not—that this "interference" with the market slowed down economic progress. So he wants to get down to "bedrock."

Only a vast increase in investment and productivity, as in West Germany, could possibly have justified the social confusion which has been created by the present government's free-for-all increase in inequality, and the countervailing demands for higher wages. But investment did not increase until after an increase in consumption had absorbed all the gains in national income. For four years nobody cared. Only now has the basic need for increased investment come to be admitted. In order to square this need with the continuing demand for the relaxation of the direct taxes which safeguard both investment and the equity of distribution, the new parrot-cry is for the encouragement of private saving.

Everybody knows, of course, that private saving can only be encouraged by encouraging upper-class consumption—for a large part of any tax remission will obviously be consumed. So audacious new theories are invented. It is argued that less saving and more conspicuous waste are really in the national interest; they induce a more effective kind of investment which, by increasing income all round, will in the end overcome all their initial disadvantages. But there is no doubt that the same people decide about the investment of both personal and corporate savings. Only companies which have strong internal reserves can hope to float new issues. So the end of dividend limitation does not change the basis of corporate finance. It merely increases capital gain—and this is obviously what it has done.

Clear analysis reveals the class bias of these "impartial" accounts of our ills. So impersonal concepts are used and an appeal is made to the mystique of money. We no longer talk of plain facts like changes in consumption and investment, their relation to available productive capacity and how these may be equated. We are overwhelmed by learned references to inflation, to changes in the volume of money or even Treasury Bills, which few understand and fewer dare to criticise. Yet everyone who remembers the Thirties will realise that the volume of money determines nothing. If economic activity is not affected by purely monetary measures (and it seldom is), changes in the volume of money are offset by variations in its velocity of circulation. Except from the point of view of bankers' profits, it makes no difference whether Treasury Bills are used to finance national requirements inexpensively, or whether expensive funding issues are floated, so long as the reserves of the banks are maintained unchanged by the Bank of England. And that has nothing to do with the methods of finance.

Our present problem can be stated briefly and clearly. In the four years of Tory rule, British home output has increased by some £1,300m. In addition, there was an improvement in our trading relations overseas which presented Mr. Butler with an annual windfall of some £500-£600m worth of imports. If part of this had to be used to pay for the deficiency in our balance of payments, the rest was still available for domestic use. More prudent managers than Mr. Butler could easily have induced out of this a doubling of our productive investment. That in turn would have induced (as the example of Germany shows) a parallel increase in productivity to at least 6 per cent. per annum. Thus the average post-war demand for wage increases—some five per cent. per annum—could have been met with a balance to spare for profits and price cuts.

What actually happened was a vast increase in consumption, especially by the upper class. If we include houses and cars provided by firms for their directors, at least £1,200m annually was absorbed this way. Another £200m went on defence. Productive investment received hardly more than £150m, and the rate of progress over bad years and good together has not increased. Despite Mr. Butler's windfall, we were unable to break out of the circle of low investment and high demand which has endangered our stability every couple of years.

Nor is this all. The undiscriminating weapon of interest rates was a successful means of maintaining our balance as long as Britain was a great international creditor. But we are no longer so. And dear money, so far from bringing in income, has increased the burden of our overseas debts by at least £150m a year. More, liberalisation has worsened our trading position, costing us a further £100m or so a year. The gain from the "restoration of the international status of the pound," so dear to the Bank of England, is negligible in comparison. The profits of the City which would be lost without liberalisation cannot exceed £15m. The nation is being sacrificed to the financiers; and present stringency threatens our position of Commonwealth banker, as dominions and colonies seek at our expense for new and cheaper financial backers.

But criticism of Tory policy is not enough. Labour will have to put forward a reasoned alternative. It should, in my opinion, rest on two propositions: (a) Investment must be accelerated at almost any cost and (b) Stability must be safeguarded. This twin objective is unattainable unless equity in income distribution is manifestly maintained. Conversely, if equity is manifestly maintained, the trade unions must be induced to space their wage-claims so as to avoid cost and price inflation. In a dynamic economy this would be easy. If productivity increased, for instance, by four per cent. per annum (a third less than in Germany), the wages of half the wage-earners could be increased by a twelfth every two years. At the same time, the increase in tax revenue would permit an increase in social benefits.

What does all this mean in terms of next Tues-

"... JUST A JACKKNIFE HAS MACHEATH, DEAR AND HE KEEPS IT OUT OF SIGHT"
—THE THREEPENNY OPERA
NEW CUTS
MORE SUBSIDIES SLASHED
CONSERVATIVE FREEDOM WORKS
VICKY

MAC THE KNIFE

day's budget? It means, first, that the humbug of cutting direct taxes to increase private savings must be resisted. If there is to be disinflation, it must be of the richer and not of the poorer. Direct taxation should be increased and its administration tightened. Expenses should be more closely scrutinised. The gentleman-farmer must be stopped from piling up losses; while unjustifiable covenants which shield him from the burden of surtax must be disallowed. We must aim eventually at achieving a budget surplus of £1,000m per annum. Further, the tax weapon must be used discriminately to increase investment and channel it in the direction where it is most needed. Investment allowances, for instance, should be more widely used for this purpose. In some cases, even discriminatory taxation is no substitute for direct controls—e.g., over buildings and imports. Thirdly, we must maintain a sharply discriminatory indirect taxation of luxuries and resist the regressive measure of a general turnover tax. Finally, we should demand a reversal of the dear money policy and buttress the balance of payments by direct controls.

A coherent plan, explained in simple terms, showing the immense social gains which would arise from its implementation, would be a blessing to the people of Britain, who are overwhelmed at present by a torrent of verbiage which seeks to prove that their incomes ought to be cut in order to buttress their prosperity. The time has come to expose the nonsense of the Edwardian economists.

THOMAS BALOGH

# London Diary

NEXT week will be very important indeed. Great events will occur; we shall be able to gauge from the myriad circulation newspapers how to grade their relative values. First, clearly, there is the wedding of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier. What a misfortune that this epoch-making occasion should coincide with the arrival of B. and K. in this country! In addition the Amateur Association Football Final will be replayed, and space will have to be found somewhere for a reference to Mr. Macmillan's budget, which, they say, may decide the solvency of this country.

* * *

I hope everyone is enjoying the B. and K. comedy now being played between Moscow and London. It began with the fraternisation at Geneva, which very rightly induced Sir Anthony Eden to hope that unrestricted conversations with the Russians in the London atmosphere would further sweeten the Geneva spirit. It became clear after their India-Burma tour that B. and K. thought of their visits as primarily propaganda, and only secondarily as occasions for diplomatic business. Malenkov's visit has clearly been a sort of pilot plant, and there is no doubt that he has succeeded in moving many British hearts. But about the B. and K. visit there is a real complication of "security." Anyone who watches the film of their visit to India will agree that security arrangements, in so far as they existed, were kept carefully out of sight. Why, it may be asked, should they not be equally free to roam amongst a friendly British sightseeing crowd? The answer is that both the Russians and the British know that there are exiles here who would really like to assassinate them, and it is not in accordance with British law or practice to lock up people merely as a precautionary measure. So Serov came here to make sure that adequate precautions were taken. Quite possibly he would have preferred a phalanx of Soviet security men and a safe and well-guarded country house outside London. Anyway, he decided to leave security to the Special Branch and to entrust his charges to Claridge's, where experience of entertaining dictators, royal and other insecure personages has evolved very elaborate but unobtrusive security arrangements.

* * *

Next came the problem of the company which B. and K. will keep when they are on tour. The press is naturally outraged to discover that security is supposed to demand that not more than about 100 carefully screened persons can at any one time be inside the police cordon. Therefore only a few chosen press representatives with passport-type passes can get near enough to B. and K. to take pictures or ask questions. The newspapers will have to be content with the infuriating rota system that is adopted on royal occasions. Now these quite genuine security difficulties also fit the British desire to avoid "demonstrations" of any kind which would be used as propaganda. Both sides are thinking not of the effect of the Russians on the British public, but of the publicity value of films in the non-committed countries. So having themselves demanded tight security, the Russians are now starting to tease Whitehall by declaring that they are being prevented from really getting into contact with the British people. They had a specially good case when the Birmingham visit was first cut out of the programme. The propaganda war has already begun. B. and K. will suggest to the world that the British ruling class, fearful of admitting that the Soviet leaders are popular, has put a barrier between them and the common people of England. It should be fun to watch the progress of this ostensibly friendly duel. Unless I am much mistaken, B. and K. will find opportunities, as Malenkov did, of breaking out of the invisible barrier around them. If they don't succeed in kissing a few factory girls while they are here, I'm a Russian.

* * *

Letchworth was the first of the garden cities. Its enlightened founders agreed that the company should never pay more than a five per cent. dividend, and any surplus was to be applied to the amenities of the town. These followers of Ebenezer Howard realised, long before the Planning Act of 1947, that the community rather than speculators should reap the benefit of higher values created by development. Now this principle is threatened. For some time, I have heard rumours that a "take-over bid" might be made for the Letchworth shares—for the town's success has given them a real value much above par—and the directors of the company seem to have panicked. Last Friday, at an emergency meeting, they secured a majority for their proposals which, I gather, include a bonus share issue, the removal of any limit on dividends, and the replacement of the legal obligation to devote surplus profits to the town by discretionary right to make such payments as they see fit. This may, perhaps, be one way of stopping shareholders selling out to some speculator, who would then job off the town to make a capital gain. But in trying to keep the loyalty of the shareholders, the company directors seem to have thrown away all the legal defences by which Howard's original principles could have been preserved—to say nothing of their obligation to residents and businesses attracted to Letchworth by propaganda about the advantages of a town where profits have to be ploughed back for the benefit of the community as a whole.

"It's a fine day. Let's go and kill someone," says the motorist, and proceeds to do so regularly on the scale of nearly 6,000 a year. Not fair, of course, because an accident may happen to anyone? To which the answer, as the Master of University College, has rightly pointed out, is that we make too sharp a distinction between unintentional killings by motorists and by other people. Kill someone when you are drunk, in a drunken brawl, and it is manslaughter for a cert. Kill someone on a zebra crossing and you will almost certainly get away with dangerous driving. Many years ago, when motorists were much less deadly than they are now, I wrote an article called "The New Sin." Dr. Goodhart, I see, reverts to this point. Even now people who cannot imagine themselves committing murder don't feel ashamed of taking a risk which involves the lives of other people. And the statistics, as Dr. Goodhart also remarked recently to the Pedestrian Association, are completely phoney, because since the pedestrian commits no crime if he is a jay-walker, he only gets into the official figures when he's dead.

* * *

Twenty-five years ago the Family Planning Association took its present name; before that it was the National Birth Control Association, in which all the birth control organisations that had taken courage from the Bradlaugh-Besant affair got together and formed a national movement. These twenty-five years have seen such progress in the more spectacular business of death control, especially in the Far East, that the matter of controlling birth is now more urgent than ever. One good thing is that few people are now afraid of the subject, though there is still an astonishing amount of ignorance and apathy; and the Family Planning Association must be largely dependent on the readiness of people to go to one of its 212 clinics. I'm glad to see that the F.P.A., which began its Jubilee year with a formal visit by the Minister of Health to one of its London Centres, is starting a series of "Any Questions" meetings with one on "Parenthood by Choice or Chance?" at Caxton Hall on April 17, with Julian Huxley, Dr. Bronowski, Mary Stocks, Lady Pakenham and Mervyn Stockwood to answer the questions under the chairmanship of C. H. Rolph.

* * *

If you can't hate the income-tax man, what sort of man is there left to hate? A lot of people (who wouldn't do it themselves) must have sympathised the other day with the lady who told a county court judge that she had "always thrown letters from the income-tax people into the waste paper basket as soon as she received them." She was running a small business, and it kept her so busy that she had "absolutely no time for form-filling"; so the inspector of taxes, following his usual practice, began sending her arbitrary assessments on the guesswork basis devised for reticent bookmakers. In each of the first three years he tried for £300, and got it. Then he went up to £500 and got that. At £1,000 the correspondence ceased; and then the debts piled up until the business collapsed. When she applied for her discharge in bankruptcy the Judge told her that, simply by not sending in returns, she had run up a huge income tax debt that she probably hadn't owed at all. This story puts one in the right frame of mind to receive one's own "Return of Income" form. I am wrestling at the moment with my annual longing to send it back, as a friend of mine did once, with a grateful note saying that although the scheme may have its advantages I have decided not to join.

CRITIC

# The Reluctant Robespierre

EARLY last week, around a rectangular mahogany table in the Hôtel Matignon, the rulers of France debated the crisis. Into the small hours, through the wreaths of cigarette smoke, the arguments swayed backwards and forwards. How many reservists would have to be called up? "*Vingt mille,*" repeated the Minister of Defence. "*Il me faut plus que ça,*" snapped the Minister-Resident, "*ou je me démisionne.*" "*Et les promesses électoralles?*" countered the Minister of State. At the head of the table, his eyes puffed with lack of sleep, hesitant, irresolute, by turns pleading and irritable, the Prime Minister wearily polished his spectacles with a white silk handkerchief. "I propose," he said, "that the Cabinet adjourns until to-morrow." It might have been the Laniel government discussing Dien-Bien-Phu. Or the Faure government discussing Morocco. It was, in fact, the Socialist government discussing Algeria, exactly two months and two days after *Le Populaire*, the official party newspaper, had proclaimed the electoral victory of the French left in a triumphant headline: "*Il Faut Que Ca Change!*"

Ten years before, a commentator had written: "If the Socialist Party no longer possesses the method of a Marx, or the faith of a Jaurès, or the austerity of a Guesde, what does it possess? Merely power. . . ." Now, after a decade of uninterrupted decline, of schisms, recriminations and personal rivalries, the party is back in power again. But the problem remains. What can it achieve with power? Can it arrest France's drift into anarchy? Can it win back the allegiance of the workers? Can it prove Léon Blum's claim that "Socialism is not a party but a force"? The answer depends, to a frightening extent, on the character and actions of the man who sat at the head of the table: Guy Mollet.

A French deputy, asked to describe Mollet to a British M.P., answered: "Imagine what it would be like if Morgan Phillips had read Descartes." The epigram got nearer the truth than its author perhaps intended. Without a certain Cartesian clarity, Mollet would not have become general secretary of the party; but without a gift for organisation he would not have remained there. Nevertheless, these two qualities do not in themselves explain Mollet's rapid rise to power. Indeed, despite his unexceptional outward appearance—the dark-blue, off-the-peg suit, the receding hair, the heavy stockbroker's spectacles, the flat politician's smile—Mollet is an enigmatic figure. Even close friends cannot explain exactly how he got to the top.

For one thing, political ambition came to Mollet late in life. His origins were humble—his father a weaver, his mother a concierge—and his greatest wish was to become a teacher, and in 1927 he became English master at the high school in Arras—the birthplace of Robespierre. He was, by all accounts, an excellent teacher, and during this period teaching and his family were his only interests. True, he joined the S.F.I.O. at the age of 17, became an enthusiastic student of Marx and helped to canvass at election times. But never once did he show any desire to enter full-time politics, or even seek election as a party delegate.

It was the war which thrust him into public life. In 1942, he was demobilised as an invalid and joined the Resistance. He quickly showed a marked skill in planning operations and was placed in charge of the network in the Pas-de-Calais. At the Liberation, he was a well-known figure in the area, and despite his wish to return to teaching, the local Socialist federation persuaded him to stand for the Constituent Assembly. Thus, almost by accident, he got control of the second-largest Socialist federation in the country.

It was Guy Mollet's first morsel of power; and he liked the taste. Within a year, circumstances had thrust the entire party into his grasp. French Socialism had emerged from the war shaken and emasculated. Out of 175 Socialist deputies, all but 37 had voted full powers to Pétain in 1940. In 1944 the party expelled the renegades and in consequence there were yawning gaps at the top. Blum, the apostle of "humanist" Socialism, who derided Marx, who believed in the perfectability of mankind, and who saw the party as an alliance of the workers and the enlightened middle class, had filled the vacant posts with his nominees—men like Daniel Mayer, the general secretary. They were "old" men, mainly from the south and centre, where the Socialist electorate was lower middle-class. But the great industrial federations, such as Pas-de-Calais, which held few parliamentary seats, but provided the party with most of its militants and all its working-class voters, were bitterly dissatisfied. They wanted a strict Marxist programme, in order to fight the Communists on their own terms. At the 1946 congress they were determined to get it. All they needed was a spokesman—a "new" man, with a good Resistance record and a firm Marxist background. There was not, unfortunately, much choice; and when he was approached this time, Mollet needed no persuading. He replaced Mayer as general secretary by a two-to-one vote.

In only two years of active politics, Mollet had seized control of one of the key parties in the Republic. The question remained: what was he going to do with it? Mollet has never found the answer—and it is doubtful whether he has ever seriously looked for it. He was drawn to Socialism as a young man because, under Blum, it combined a vision of a planned society with a broad, humanist approach which substituted the union of classes for their conflict. But by the time he seized power, Blum's dream had faded. During the Resistance, the C.P. captured the industrial strongholds one by one. "The workers," wrote the Socialist deputy Jean Rous, "have walked from the S.F.I.O. on tiptoes, as one leaves the chamber of a dying man." Mollet was left with a dwindling, ageing party of clerks, civil servants, schoolteachers and village wiseacres. There were no longer any intellectuals in its ranks. The great Socialist journalists were all dead; and in 1950 Blum himself followed them. Mollet saw party membership fall to 300,000, to 150,000, to 60,000; he saw also the spiritual vacuum into which the party was sinking. At party congresses he analysed the problem; but it was the dry, inhibited analysis of a party manager, flavoured with Marxist determinism. "Society," he said, "is in the process of polarisation . . . our enemies are aided by objective historical factors." Mollet had no solutions to offer, and his speeches give the impression that he lacked not only solutions, but faith.

There remained, however, the business of power; and here Mollet was more sure of himself. To him, power is not the formation of governments or the execution of policies, but the control of party machines which, behind the façade of cabinets, pull the strings and make the puppets spin. "I would far rather," he once said, "be general secretary of the S.F.I.O. than prime minister." "The constitution," he wrote, "is a system of government by party executives." Within a few months of becoming general secretary Mollet had permanently consolidated his position. He secured control of the four big federations which carry 60 per cent. of the votes at congresses. For ten years these federations have given him unqualified support and have ensured him a dominant voice in the formation of party policy. But his power in the Palais Bourbon was negative; he could overthrow cabinets, but never form one himself. Jacques Dumaine, Chef du Protocol at the Quai d'Orsay and a pitiless commentator on the follies of the Palais Bourbon, describes Mollet in March, 1951, after his first attempt to secure investiture in the Assembly: "Mollet failed pitifully. He has not the calibre of a premier. . . . Rich in theoretical formulæ, he is bankrupt before the reality of facts."

But Mollet seemed content with his limited role. In 1949, he went as a delegate to Strasbourg and there, perhaps for the first time, acquired an article of political faith: United Europe. It was, admittedly, a convenient belief, in that it gave him useful political links with the M.R.P., and an excuse to deal with some of his enemies in his own party. At the same time Mollet is probably, in his own way, quite sincere. He sees a United States of Europe as a tidy, studious and bureaucratic institution—somewhat like the S.F.I.O. itself—in which men who share a common ideal will create a new society in an atmosphere purged of political unpleasantness. Both the cosiness of the vision, and its remoteness, appeal to him. But Mollet, wrapped in contemplation of this prospect—he was campaigning for E.D.C. when Dien-Bien-Phu fell—was overtaken by events. The convulsion of Indo-China thrust up a new man who shattered the political armistice. E.D.C., "Europe," were destroyed, the bridge with the M.R.P. swept away in the flood. Reluctantly, Mollet was forced to recognise Mendès-France as an ally—worse, as a political mentor. When the Socialists and Radicals faced the electorate in

January, they brandished not the time-honoured Socialist precepts which Mollet had so lovingly drawn up at party congresses, but the bold pragmatism of Mendès-France. To his consternation, Mollet found himself swept into supreme office and charged with a mission which demanded rare integrity and courage: to go to Algiers in person and stifle the raging conflagration of a race war.

So we come to the moment of truth: Algiers, Monday, February 6, 1956. The skilful backstage politician, the unruffled conference chairman, the glib Strasbourg delegate was suddenly brought face to face with a screaming mob of 20,000 settlers. It was the first time Mollet had had to deal with "the reality of facts," and his failure was immediate, dramatic and total. The demonstration achieved its object: the next day, Mollet read a speech over Algiers Radio which might have been written by Marshal Juin himself. "*Ce Mollet porte bien son nom*," was the scornful comment of one Algiers politico, "*un oeuf mollet, c'est un oeuf mou qui s'écrasse dans l'assiette en faisant 'flooc'.*" Mollet returned to Paris empty-handed, a frightened, undecided man, but a man who had committed himself—and France—to a war of annihilation against the Algerian nationalists.

It would be easy to write off Mollet as a politician whose courage and integrity failed him in the moment of trial. But the story is not so simple as that. In the past, Mollet has shown that he keeps his ears closely attuned to opinion within his party, that his mind—with all its limitations—reflects the changing moods of his followers. Despite the Algerian *débâcle*, he still remains a French Socialist: he has sponsored the revolutionary new series of constitutions for French overseas territories, he has approved a radical land reform, of the big Algerian estates, he has voiced with striking effect the growing alarm in France at the sterile international thinking of the Atlantic powers. Mollet is narrow-minded, unimaginative and ungenerous; but if the pressure from below is sufficient, he will always act in the end. If his government ends in tragedy, it will be not only personal, but collective: the tragedy of a revolutionary party cut off from its working-class base. After all, Robespierre himself would have hesitated had it not been for the cries of the *sans-culottes*.

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## This England

**Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

Boy or girl? Every anxious father-to-be wants to know. But if they ring up maternity hospitals in Clwyd and Deeside they will be told: "We're not allowed to tell you."

For, according to Alderman Huw Edwards, Socialist chairman of the local hospital management committee, fathers do not need to know.—*Daily Mail*. (Stanley Frances.)

A soldier who stole a signpost arm marked "Woking," told police he was going abroad and wanted it as a souvenir.—*People*. (F. Richford.)

At present the Stornoway trustees are busily clearing away from the lawn of Lewis Castle the debris of discarded Nissen huts left behind by the Royal Navy at the end of the war. The hutment became a squatters' camp, but it is still doubtful whether the last two squatters will be rehoused in time to have the lawn restored before the Royal visit.—*Scotsman*. (K. Thorburn.)

As an old Wykehamist he had derived a certain quiet pleasure in watching four sea lions training to blow the Eton Boating Song on motor horns.—*The Times*. (O. M. Forster.)

## Overture for a Witches' Sabbath

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless Russ!
Confusion to thy Cominform!
Though hated Serov missed the bus
No Jonah can avert the storm!
Hammers nor sickles shall avail
Against fierce Rothermere's well-tempered *Mail*,
Nor shall Lord Beaverbrook arrange a lunch
For thee to meet the editor of *Punch*."
Such were the threats that echoed down The Street
From Kemsley's bastion to the sexy *Sketch*,
And in the caverns of the River Fleet
Cloacal Gods laid curses on the wretch.
Bulganin gazed aghast upon his pal—
"To arms!" cried K. as he unsheathed *Das Kapital*.

At a desk, whose haughty top
Witnessed venerable date,
Like a moral traffic cop
Sat the *Thunderer* in state;
From his lips, despising stunts,
Flowed endless periods of muffled grunts,
Weaving the warp and woof in turgid leaders
Like belly rumbles of dyspeptic readers;
With metaphors as neatly mixed as mine,
Ominous platitudes filled every pompous line.

Mr. K. and Mr. B.,
Where is your Georgian Father now?
The Cult of Personality
Lies broken, with the Sacred Cow.
From Beaver's gorge and Rother's throat
(Appoggiatura to a fiendish gloat)
A crepitation, a proleptic tucket—
What fierce crescendo when you kick the bucket?
Dark pentimento! Fallen leaders loom
And ghoulish scribes delight in prophesying doom.

REGINALD REYNOLDS.

# Krushchev's Secret Speech

ENOUGH information has come out of Moscow now to make it possible to get a fairly clear idea of the "secret" report on Stalin, which Krushchev read out at the closing meeting of the C.P.S.U. Congress on February 25. This is all the easier, as the report, which runs to about 50 pages, has been widely circulated and has formed the basis of thousands of propaganda meetings among party members during the last few weeks.

It is clear that the decision to debunk Stalin was not easy to take. At first an attempt was made, notably by *Literary Gazette*, not to debunk but to whitewash Stalin, and to show that he found the adulation to which he was subjected both highly distasteful, and ideologically harmful and unsound. But later it was decided to strike the great blow—partly, no doubt, because the few documents showing that Stalin was opposed to the personality cult were not altogether convincing, and partly because the debunking of Stalin presented a certain number of definite advantages, both internally and internationally. Especially internationally. It is important to emphasise that a great deal of wholly erroneous "information" has been attributed to the Krushchev report. Thus, it is not true that Stalin is represented in it as a "bloodthirsty maniac"; nor is it true that he was accused of having been a total ignoramus, who "commanded operations during the war with the help of a school globe." All this is nonsense. Nor is it true that Stalin is accused in the report of having murdered his wife, Nadya Alliluyeva, in 1932. Indeed, the most popular view in Russia is still that Alliluyeva committed suicide.

The first few pages of the report are, in fact, a eulogy of Stalin. He is credited with having done an enormous amount to increase the greatness and power of the Soviet Union, by putting through collectivisation and industrialisation, by having very ably selected some of the best brains for the top jobs in Russia (an understandable compliment!), by having laid the foundations for a highly efficient industrial country and, finally, for having, despite numerous initial errors, picked out the kind of army leaders who, in the end, led Russia to victory in 1945.

The attack on Stalin, to which the greater part of the Krushchev report is devoted, is not an attack on what he achieved, but on the methods he used in achieving what he did. The report is (with a few exceptions) not a defence of the people who were purged between 1934 and 1938, but a very sharp attack on the methods used in purging them. As Krushchev put it, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Krestinsky, Bukharin and the rest of them were not traitors or foreign agents. They were merely people who had the wrong ideas—wrong, not only in Stalin's eyes, but also wrong in Krushchev's eyes. But the "confessions" were, in Krushchev's view, wholly unnecessary; and it would have been quite sufficient to demote or—at a pinch—exile these men, instead of embarking on the abominable purge trials.

Stalin is not directly accused in the report of having actually had anybody murdered; but what is alleged is that Kirov was murdered on December 1, 1934 (and that was the beginning of it all) "with Stalin's knowledge." Krushchev, I understand, also made it clear that, if Kirov was murdered by Nikolayev—a man who had already been a GPU prisoner for some time—it was because Kirov was preparing to lead a major offensive against Stalin's leadership at the Congress

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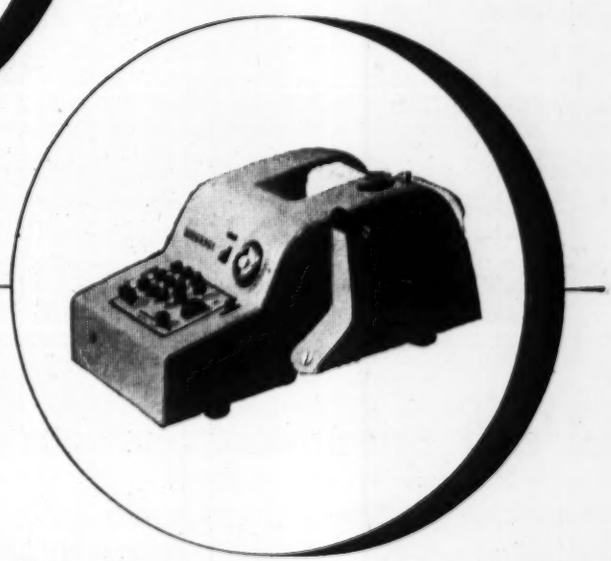

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that was shortly to take place. It was after Kirov's murder that numerous arrests were made among Kirov's alleged associates; in this way Stalin intended to crush any potential opposition against his undisputed leadership of the party. Further, it appears from Krushchev's report that Gorki was killed off by his doctors "with Stalin's knowledge"—Gorki having openly protested against the mass arrests.

It is significant that, of the few purged persons to have been rehabilitated, General Tukhachevsky should have been one. Whether, as was widely believed at the time, he was in favour of a German-Soviet pact two years before Stalin found it necessary to have one, it is fairly obvious that his rehabilitation was demanded by the army, and particularly by Marshal Zhukov, a very great soldier whose prestige is exceptionally high in Russia today. Not only does Zhukov deserve the highest credit for saving Moscow and Leningrad in 1941, but he also played a leading part in organising the Russian counter-offensive at Stalingrad, in the German rout at Kursk in 1943 and, finally, in the capture of Berlin. His popularity became so great that, no sooner was the war over, than he fell into semi-disgrace, and did not emerge as a member of the government until after Stalin's death. It is probably at the insistence of the army leaders that Stalin's wartime errors were deliberately magnified in the Krushchev report.

The report further dealt with the little-known episode referred to several times at the Congress, as "the Leningrad affair." In Leningrad, always jealous of Moscow, the local party organisation had started a movement during, or soon after the war, in favour of rewarding Leningrad for its heroic siege by making it the capital of the Russian Federal Republic, with Moscow remaining the capital of the U.S.S.R. Indeed, the story widely current in Moscow is that Voznesensky, head of the State Planning Commission, and member of the Politburo, who suddenly vanished in 1949, was deeply involved in the Leningrad separatist movement.

On the last few years of Stalin, the Krushchev report seems to be fairly explicit in suggesting that the old man developed persecution mania and trusted nobody, except the Beria-Molotov-Malenkov triumvirate. But according to a very plausible account, when Stalin fell seriously ill on March 1, 1953, Malenkov hastened to report to Krushchev, Kaganovich and the others that Beria had made plans to take over as soon as Stalin was dead—with the help of the N.K.V.D. At some stage, during the next day or two, Molotov also deserted Beria. A lot of quick thinking had to be done while Stalin was on his death-bed. It is that which explains the very strange atmosphere surrounding Stalin's death, complete with the sudden re-emergence of Zhukov, and the emergence of the Zhukov-Krushchev-Malenkov triumvirate, with Molotov as a "junior"—and somewhat reluctant—partner.

The impression created by all these revelations in the country was, I gather, one of considerable bewilderment at first. It would have been much easier simply to declare the Stalin era closed—without going into all these gruesome details. But it seems that the present leaders decided that, on balance, they could make considerable capital out of the anti-Stalin revelations; that Russia was strong enough, in fact, to stand the great strain involved. Moreover, internationally the operation could only be useful: it cut practically all the ground from under the feet of anti-Soviet propagandists, since all that was evil in Russia in terms of human values could now be attributed solely to the Stalin era. Then again, the use of Stalin as a scapegoat gives Soviet diplomacy an extraordinary degree of elasticity: is it not, for instance, conceivable that certain territorial and other post-war settlements, which it might be useful to revise, can in future be attributed to "Stalin's mistakes?"

ALEXANDER WERTH

# Price War in the Bookshops?

To the public the words "monopoly" or "trade restriction" conjure up a picture of mammoth producers manipulating the market, of contractors' rings engaging in "level tendering," or of private, Star-Chamber-type courts sentencing "the small man" who has dared to sell a sparking plug under list price. This is the context in which the Government has introduced its Restrictive Trade Practices Bill, which it hopes to force through without essential amendment. American precedents have plainly influenced the Bill, but those who have studied the effects of U.S. anti-trust legislation, from the 1890 Sherman Act onwards, may well doubt whether our measure will be any more successful in curbing monopoly and promoting "free competition."

In one trade at least, however, there is strong foreboding that the Bill will be damaging. For under the Bill the Net Book Agreement—always referred to as "the sheet anchor of the book trade"—is doomed. And in this case, although the 300 main producers—the publishers—in this non-monopolistic industry strongly oppose price-cutting of books, the chief concern is felt by the 3,000 retailers, most of them "the small men" whose competitive freedom the Bill is ostensibly intended to protect. For booksellers still shudder at the memory of the price war that for over forty years in the last century nearly killed the retail book trade.

This disastrous epoch had opened in the optimistic, free trade days of 1852, when a meeting of authors and publishers, chaired by Charles Dickens, and supported by Carlyle, J. S. Mill, Gladstone and, of course, Cobden, declared that the price maintenance upheld by the members of the Booksellers' Association was "tyrannical and vexatious," and that its abolition would not injure but greatly benefit booksellers. So strong was public feeling that the Booksellers' Association, which included bookseller-publishers, felt obliged to submit the matter to the arbitration of Lord Justice Campbell, Dean Millman and Grote, the historian. When this formidable triumvirate declared the Association to be "an illegal conspiracy," it dissolved and the Forty Years War of price-cutting began. Discounts off marked prices rose from 10 per cent. to 2d. in the shilling, and finally settled down at 3d. in the shilling. The 6s.-novel in fact sold at 4s. 6d.

At first some publishers, like their American colleagues more recently, were not averse from the prospect of utilising the bargain appeal to sell more of their products. Authors, who with varying justification always feel that lower prices would ensure a vast public for their writings, generally supported discount bookselling. But over the years no evidence emerged to show that the public bought more books on these terms, and by 1890 at least one distinguished publisher, Frederick Macmillan, decided that something must be done to preserve the rapidly diminishing retail outlets for new books. A new work should be issued at a net price, about 25 per cent. lower than under the discount system.

In view of the widespread belief that the book-buying public would boycott any book which it could not buy at a discount, the choice of title was tricky. But, not inappropriately, Macmillan secured the agreement of Professor Alfred Marshall to issue his *Principles of Economics* as the first "net book." Its immediate success led to a growing number of net books. By 1895 the booksellers, discarding their fears of conspiracy, re-formed their association, with the basic idea of supporting the net system. In 1899, the publishers, now organised, also agreed to it.

Sanctions have seldom been used to enforce the net book agreement. Why, then, should the book trade be concerned if the proposed legislation outlaws collective boycotts and thus renders price maintenance unenforceable in practice? The answer, in an American sales expression, is "loss leaders."

The idea of offering an article at cut price in order to attract people to a shop, in the hope that once there they will buy other articles, is American in origin. But the British book trade remembers an example much nearer home—the famous "Book War" of 1905-1908. This bitter struggle started when *The Times* set up its Book Club as a circulation stunt; all annual subscribers to the paper could borrow the latest books *free*. As far as the book trade was concerned, the rub lay in the fact that subscribers could buy new or "virtually as good as new" books on or shortly after publication at cut prices. In the long-fought battle *The Times* had no hesitation in denouncing the publishers as a "monopoly ring" and "trust", holding the public to ransom and reducing the circulation of authors' works by charging extortionate prices. Much public support for this view was won, and Bernard Shaw produced a special edition of his works for the Book Club.

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However, in 1907 *The Times* over-reached itself. It charged that the price of the year's best-seller, *The Letters of Queen Victoria* was "simple extortion." The publisher, Mr. John Murray, sued for libel, convinced the court that he had costed the book fairly, and won damages of £7,500. This and the purchase of *The Times* by Northcliffe—who objected to financing a Book Club costing £800 a week—finished off the most damaging attack on price maintenance that the British book trade has hitherto had to face.

Nowadays, however, it is not so much that type of "loss-leader" that is feared, as the belief that department stores would offer current best-sellers at cut prices. Books, experience has shown, are particularly suitable for this form of advertising. The "book of the moment," such as *The Ascent of Everest* or *The Cruel Sea*, would lend itself admirably to "loss-leadering", and lose for the regular bookseller the "cream" which enables him to subsist on his "bread-and-butter" business and slow-selling back-stock.

American experience provides plenty of evidence for this. Since the 1890 Act, American booksellers have been fighting an uphill fight to protect book prices and "fair trading." The last set-back was in 1951 when a Supreme Court ruling invalidated fair trading laws which protected branded prices in 45 States. At once a book price war broke out between the New York department stores. A few hours after Macy's offered current best-sellers, including *From Here to Eternity* and *The Caine Mutiny*, at 6 per cent. discount, Bloomingdale's countered with *all* new books less 15 per cent. Every best-seller was thrown in, and dealers in 25-cent reprints found it cheaper to buy them at 11 cents apiece from the warring stores than direct from the publishers.

Although our more restrained salesmanship may make people say "it can't happen here", booksellers are not so sure. And even if the new legislation gave publishers legal sanction for price maintenance, could any but the largest publishing houses afford litigation against the department stores—their largest customers?

No doubt the problem must be settled on the basis of what is in the public interest. There is no question at present of a monopoly in any section of the book trade, although any decrease in retail outlets might lead to undesirable concentration or put the retail trade into the hands of firms not primarily interested in selling books. Entry to the book trade is unrestricted, and although no one would pretend that bookshops in this country are as good as they should be, recent investigations have shown this to be owing mainly to the poor financial return from selling new books. Moreover, while the selling of, say, aspirin is scarcely a skilled job, bookselling should be; the mark of a good bookshop is its back-stock of classics, reference and technical works, and general literature. It is generally agreed that price-cutting and direct selling have contributed to the poor stock-holding of most American bookstores. How much is the appreciably lower American publishing output compared with our own, caused by the poorer sales prospects where other outlets have replaced the bookstore?

Under price-cutting conditions best-sellers might sell even better than at present, but if the general level of sales in Britain of the 250,000 titles in print were depressed, it would have an immediate effect on book sales abroad. These are running at about £17 million a year. Falling home sales would involve higher prices for books, and as books are Britain's biggest cultural export, the loss of price stability might have far wider repercussions than purely commercial ones.

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# Fleet Street Notebook

My recent remarks on the current circulation battle among Sunday newspapers seem to have annoyed the editors of the *Sunday Dispatch* and the *Empire News*. I am grieved about this but not surprised. Popular newspapers, as the present Lord Burnham once remarked, are like fashionable ladies—concerned more with their figures than their morals.

Mr. Eade, whose letter was published last week in this journal, is an able journalist. He has deserved well of his circulation manager. When he inherited the editorial chair of the *Dispatch* in 1938 that paper had had eight editors in six years. Their combined efforts, ably assisted by the journalistic eccentricities of the first Lord Rothermere, had left it with a circulation of not much more than 700,000. Helped by the war, which swelled the total number of all Sunday newspaper readers by more than 14,500,000, Mr. Eade raised this to just over 2,000,000 by 1947. But as the first post-war boom slackened and competition increased there were "circulation dangers." Mr. Eade seems to regard the mention of these as an insult. I suspect he has been reading too many of his own serials. Maidens whose virtue is in danger do not, I assure him, always fall. Nor do newspaper circulations. Help sometimes arrives in time. Mr. Eade summoned it with his famous serials. Some of them were legitimate enough pieces of story-telling, in which he is right to take a proper pride. But I do not think he should be so ungallant as to deny Amber and the other generous ladies who subsequently graced his pages their share of such credit as is going for the fact that by the time he felt strong enough to dispense with them the *Dispatch* was marching bravely on to a circulation of well over 2,500,000—they were ready to give all in his service.

Now Mr. Eade has turned to serials again. It may be coincidence that this follows a decline of over 177,000 in the circulation of the *Dispatch*, as shown by the last published returns of the Audit Bureau of Circulation. I am a simple character. I like to believe everything everyone tells me. If Mr. Eade insists that his decision to introduce "Liana, The Blonde From The Jungle" to his readers, has nothing to do with circulation—it is claimed that she raised the sales of the German paper in which she made her first appearance by 600,000—but rests entirely on his conviction that he has discovered "a work of genius," I will do my best to believe him.

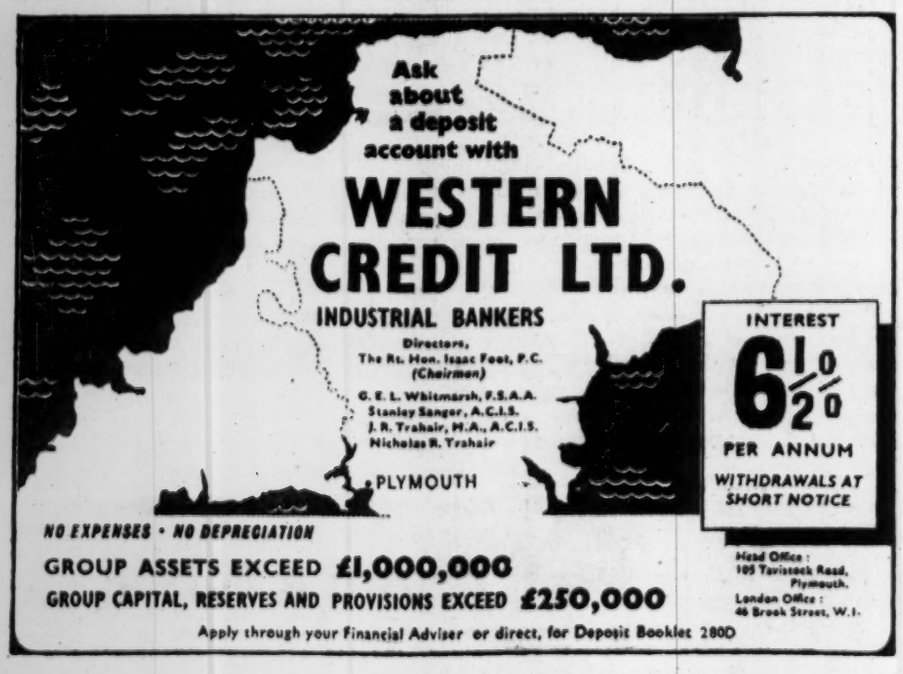
Mr. Grafton Green, the editor of the *Empire News* and *Sunday Chronicle*, is even more pained by me than is Mr. Eade. He cannot bear anyone to think that his decision to publish the memoirs of the former chief hangman Pierrepoint had anything to do with circulation—although I should have thought it the kindest excuse to offer. The cold winds of falling circulation may have flown through other Sunday newspaper offices. His own, he insists, have known them not. Mr. Green should add simple addition and subtraction to his other massive editorial talents. The figures he gives in his letter published this week are incomplete.

The current decline in the circulations of most Sunday newspapers began about three-quarters of the way through last year. Until then sales of most of them had been holding steady or actually rising—including those at the bottom end of the popular scale, the *Empire News* and its two Kemsley companions, the *Sunday Graphic* and the *Sunday Chronicle*. In November, Lord Kemsley leased the *Sunday Chronicle* printing plant to the *Daily Mirror* and *Sunday Pictorial* for a higher profit than he could make out of its independent existence, even although the last A.B.C. figures before the deal showed that at 830,000 its circulation was rising. He merged it with the *Empire News*. With Mr. Green at the helm the *Empire News and Sunday Chronicle* was thus launched with a combined circulation, according to the A.B.C. returns, of around 2,900,000—a figure discreetly omitted from Mr. Green's table. By December, as Mr. Green's own figures show, that total was down to 2,532,000. I do not know what sort of a wind it was that blew those 368,000 readers away if it was not a cold one. But something certainly did.

It has been impossible for me to move anywhere in Fleet Street during the last few days without sensing the dismay and shock that has been caused by recent events at the *News Chronicle*. Two senior members of its staff, Mr. Stanley Baron and Mr. Ronald Walker, both of whom have served it with distinction for more than twenty-five years, have been arbitrarily dismissed by the editor at short notice. Unlike some papers, the *News Chronicle* has no formal pension scheme. But both are at an age and of a length of service where in the light of the *News Chronicle's* former traditions they might normally soon have expected some pension acknowledgement of their long service. Instead they have been turned off, with merely a severance payment.

Mr. Michael Curtis, the youthful editor of the *News Chronicle*, faces many problems. He has made many improvements in the paper and provided evidence of a more vigorous policy. But one of the great assets of the *News Chronicle* in the past has been the strong tradition of loyalty among its staff. It has never paid the large salaries some papers have. Few of its senior members have not at some time refused much better offers to go to other newspapers. They stayed because they believed the paper represented values superior to those that ruled in some other parts of Fleet Street. The shock to morale produced by the manner of these dismissals has already been profound. I hope the editor and the board will be made aware of it. It is a sad thing when a newspaper fails to live up to its own good name.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS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# The Arts and Entertainment

## Ceri Richards

On the morning that I went to Ceri Richards's show at the Redfern I was vaguely thinking about the passage from Solomon quoted to me by a friend the night before.

> And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded: for God proved them and found them worthy himself. As gold in the furnace hath he tried them, and received them as a burnt offering. And in the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to and fro like sparks among the stubble.

Then, having looked at the pictures, I suddenly realised how well this passage described the underlying theme of nearly all Ceri Richards's recent works. Their actual subjects may be pigeons in Trafalgar Square or—as in this show—bee-keepers, music on a piano, nudes and a kind of pagan Pietà inspired by Dylan Thomas's *Do not go Gentle into that Goodnight;* but I think that in the artist's mind all these subjects in some way express the cycle of birth, procreation, death and birth. How banal of course it sounds when written like that—the words so glib compared with the process! But then that is exactly one of the reasons why we need poets—and painters like Ceri Richards; they make images that bridge the process, so that from them we can look down on it, wondering, as at a river.

On the whole critics have been so busy pointing out that Richards has borrowed phrases from Max Ernst, Picasso, Matisse, that the most important feature of his imagination has been overlooked. Richards is one of the most physically, sensuously *instinctive* painters working here today. (*N.B.* An instinct is not a whim.) In this respect he might be compared with Matthew Smith, but Smith is entirely concerned with the pleasures of the senses, whereas Richards is concerned with another of the constant but more poignant themes of poetry—the passing of time.

The fact that he never rationalises this but somehow distils it through his visual imagination from the instinctive reactions of his whole body explains both his faults and achievements. It explains why some of his pictures are incoherent

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and almost impossible to "read." His *Summer* or his *Seasons* (despite a just legible horse and rider) might be taken for abstracts. But they are not. They are physical intimations which have as yet barely surfaced in his imagination. It also explains the physical power and unforced metaphorical richness of his successful works.

Let me give examples to clarify that. His four pen and ink nude drawings have a power which is based on years of careful study and observation, but which is *driven* by his imaginative memory of how a woman's body might revolve from head to foot with his own—and if that angers or stimulates the over-sophisticated because it suggests cheesecake, they will be disappointed. It simply means that the arm he is drawing flows instinctively and passionately from his own arm as he draws with it; and, although a good number of works created in such a way must fail, the ones that succeed have the breath of life in them. He draws them as one ties a bow—the bow that death undoes. And it is this undoing that is the theme of the two paintings on the Thomas poem. In the better one of the two the body lies, bruised and suddenly useless on the ground, and, above, an owl flies pulling a sheet in its beak. Whether to wind him in it, or to fly across the land with his inscription upon it, we do not know. Probably both. And there is the beginning of Richards's affirmative richness of metaphor.

The fact that Richards has always painted many pictures of the same subject confirms, I think, my point that for him his subject is a "way in" to an underlying theme. In this show there are six canvases called *The Beekeeper*. The initial experience was seeing an old man with a walrus moustache and his net over his head and shoulders dealing with a swarm. But during the process of painting, the mesh of the net suggested the cells of the comb, and the yellows of the sunlight and the honey and the pollen combined to make a cap or a halo of the towers of Babylon for the old man whose hands remain the only calm, still things in the picture. These are paintings of the process of consummation; the flowers, the summer, the gold, the furnace, all ignite one another whilst the old man in the middle gathers the bees who fly like sparks among the stubble.

What does all this add up to? How important is Ceri Richards? He is the kind of artist who suffers most from our lack of any collective mythology or symbolism. There is no framework in which he can set his instinctive intimations. And so he is often incoherent and obscure. But if he had painted nothing else but his canvas of the corpse and the owl, we would have to recognise him as an artist in a hundred. Whether he develops as he should depends upon whether we employ him, as, for example, Veronese was employed. If we do not, those who can meet him half-way will have to remain grateful even for his latent genius.

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# Producers at Play

It is a pleasure to be able to record that the second production in the Scofield-Brook season is a very exciting theatrical event. We in London have come to rely heavily for our pleasure on these seasons organised by Tennent Productions, and the failure—that is to say the artistic failure—of the *Hamlet* was as disappointing as it was unexpected. *The Power and the Glory* restores the balance and justifies the faith of the organisers. The combination of a virtuoso performance by Mr. Scofield within a brilliantly directed whole by Mr. Brook—that was what the season was for; and that is what we are given this time. And Mr. Scofield's masterly performance does lie well within the total production—it isn't, that is to say, a mere star performance round which the production is built. As we watch, we think both how vividly and excitingly the play has been staged, how the atmosphere of heat and decay is beautifully created, and simultaneously we think with what precision and authority Mr. Scofield etches in the sunken lines of his whisky priest. The two are part of the same process; they complement one another.

As a play this has nearly all the faults inherent in the adaptation of novels, where the rule is the better the novel, the worse the play. We are in the early days of a revolution in Mexico, which regards priests and alcohol as the twin enemies of the people; and the last remaining free priest is being hunted down as he hides among the villagers, hearing their confessions and saying Mass. The result of the inevitable foreshortening of the narrative is to produce something much nearer crude Catholic propaganda than Mr. Greene would ever be guilty of. It is no doubt in an attempt to counteract this that Mr. Brook plays down the dramatic turns when they do come, so that they fall a little flat. It is as if he were trying to match the understatement of the novel's style with an equivalent throwaway of the climaxes; and that in the theatre doesn't work. Where Mr. Brook has completely succeeded is in finding in his production an equivalent for the atmosphere Mr. Greene conjures up with his writing. What the novelist manipulates by images and words, the director manipulates by lighting and grouping and dumb-show against a superlatively fine set of designs by Georges Wakhevitch—perhaps as expressive a décor as we have seen in London for several years. The heat and corruption, the stink and decay, and the sunlight and simplicity, too, of Mr. Greene's Mexico are created without a word being spoken.

Some of Mr. Scofield's most ardent admirers have always claimed that it is as a character actor that he excels; his performance here will reinforce that claim. This is a most persuasive piece of acting, in which the accumulation of small details—the shuffle, the twitch, the whisky voice, the glints in the eye—combine to carry us into complete belief in a derelict human being who yet remains, though unemphatically, un-self-consciously, a special, dedicated creature. The rest of the acting is, frankly, rather rough; and the failure to find a speaking tone which will equate with the appearances threatens, without ever quite endangering, credibility every time a mouth—other than Mr. Scofield's—is opened. Mr. Harry Corbett, as the Lieutenant of Police, speaks up for the romantic revolution in much less persuasive accents than the priest for decay.

You will be either furiously irritated or pleasantly tickled by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's trick production of *Troilus and Cressida*, which is set and dressed in some Merry Widow World of before the Great War. Such stunts are no longer novel; but they still have a value if they make us look freshly and alertly at something which we might otherwise allow to wash over us with its familiar rhythms, and leave us more or less where we started. Of course, the average playgoer is not, like the average critic, inoculated against Shakespeare by sheer excess, and may resent it when he finds the Bard guyed.

Still, in spite of his resentment, he may, I suggest, get a great deal from it; he may, at the least, when he sees the play done straight next time, see it more imaginatively for the jolt which a production like this gives. There is a level on which, besides being great fun, it may be said to work. The Merry Widow World is imaginable at about the same distance in myth time from us as the Ancient World from the Elizabethans, whereas the Ancient World is now aeons away from most of us. Pandarus as an elderly fribble in an Ascot outfit, Cressida in riding habit, the sons of Priam as hard-drinking sprigs in a Hussar mess, the Greeks as the professional soldiers of a war council, Thersites as a disgruntled Shavian radical—we can relate all these more readily than a collection of togas to life as we know it, while yet keeping the distance. This is, no doubt, a justification for the stunt, and it would have been interesting if Mr. Guthrie had had the time to try to make it work really seriously. For, after all, whatever he may do with it, he still has a wonderful but difficult play on his hands, and a conception of it to get across to us. The translation of period doesn't by itself solve the play's problems; it provides, indeed, an easy way to evade them, for the period will always offer so ingenious a man as Mr. Guthrie a good joke with which to get over a difficulty. But in any case, I suppose, the attempt to make it work would break down on the language. It is impossible, even after the novelty has worn off, to accept the mere bulk of the words, let alone the style, in this period. How much too long, we can't help feeling, all the speeches are! And it goes without saying that a production which works against the words is a failure from the start.

What we are left with finally is an irreverent lark—rather a good lark, I found it, I don't mind confessing, immensely high-spirited, full of vitality, and, on its own terms, extremely witty. The whole company responded with great verve to the producer's intentions.

Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* has now been added to the repertoire of the English Stage Company at the Royal Court. This is the play about witchhunting—the original witchhunting of the seventeenth century in Salem, Massachusetts—a subject to which the modern American playwright, irresistibly I suppose, but mistakenly, as I must think, gives a contemporary gloss. Having solved the most difficult problem which the subject poses—the language problem—with a fine literary tact the author works up to a heroic climax which does more credit to his feelings for goodness than his feelings for truth. (How much all dramatists with a purpose can learn from Shaw about the art of insinuating instead of pushing a case!) This rather spoils for me a play which, finely organised as it is, and offering a number of dramatic scenes, could have bitten much deeper.

The company tackle the play earnestly and on the whole commendably, though I found the production a little on the slow side. And several of the cast must really polish up their control of their diction. They have an admirable example in their director, Mr. George Devine, of the kind

of clarity, force and command which comes from good articulation. Among the rest Miss Rosalie Crutchley was outstanding; she distilled just the right atmosphere of the unattractive dourness which is founded on strength. Miss Joan Plowbright gave an interesting and controlled sketch of one of the hysterical girls, and Mr. Kenneth Haigh gave another strong useful performance.

T. C. WORSLEY

## Two Cheers for the Ladies

WITH the approach of the long, light evenings, television sloughs off much of its winter wear. It is hard to estimate how much time has been wasted on both channels, in the last few weeks, in the boring and surely unnecessary sequence of bright-eyed personal good-byes: "This is the last in the present series... just want you to know—enjoyed every minute of it... back again in October [*thinks:* 'I hope']... till then—it's been nice seeing you!" Doesn't this irritate even the simplest viewer?

Most of these gushing leave-takers seem to be women; and, a bit later on, the specifically "women's programmes" will take their annual month's rest. But the women announcers are always with us. Some of them are bright, pretty, intelligent-looking girls; but most of them fail to achieve the balanced tone—objective without dullness, friendly without impertinent familiarity—of the best male announcers. They are apt to be either kittenish or like "aunties," as if all the viewers were "kiddies": "*There!*... Isn't that nice?"

On the other hand, women are wonderful refreshers in some of the programmes themselves. I much prefer the BBC's *Highlight* (7.20 p.m.) on a Friday, simply because that is the only evening on which Miss Jacqueline Mackenzie is in it (though it is arguable that her special gifts would pall if we were exposed to them too often). She is a kind of she-Ustinov of TV-reporting: she rattles on non-stop, uninhibitedly, colloquially, mimicking those she has been observing. She recently got into trouble for describing Walthamstow as "full of smells"; but she did add "quite nice ones, some of them," and her description of a day during the by-election there made fun impartially of all the candidates—including the Independent, who did "unnecessarily uphill work by canvassing all the children under twenty-one."

Without her, *Highlight* was dull indeed last Monday; two-thirds of it, anyway. It began with a long, static interview with a man who knew about the aircraft that French amateur flyers can make for £300; but we were never shown the aircraft. I am told that this is because *Highlight* is produced on a small scale and, presumably, a small budget. This is an unacceptable excuse. The BBC is rich. If more can't be spent on *Highlight*, it might as well be scrapped: practically nothing would be lost if such an interview as this were done on sound alone; it was a waste of television time and resources. How dull *Panorama* would have been, later the same evening, if, instead of showing us Woodrow Wyatt, with the mountain wind ruffling his hair, exclaiming, "I am standing at the head of the famous Khyber Pass," interviewing the Prime Minister and the President of Pakistan, and ceremonially accepting a sheep from tribesmen, it had merely stuck him in a studio with an expert on Pakistan.

Even the most high-minded BBC executives and producers must indeed realise that serious TV—documentaries, interviews, social research—can be dull, even to high-minded viewers; but need not and ought not to be dull. *Highlight* ended better on Monday, merely because George Devine, who was being interviewed on his enterprise at the Royal Court Theatre, happens to have a televisually engaging face, was obviously groping for words, and luckily came up with the right ones (e.g. that, whether it's a play or a football-match, people don't want *entertainment* so much as *enjoyment*).

Oddly enough, the same warning has to be addressed to commercial executives and pro-


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ducers. ITV is now showing exactly how not to make a serious subject interesting, in a series of programmes on the work of the London County Council of which Mr. Aidan Crawley is chairing the first two before transferring to the BBC. (The next is on April 25, on comprehensive schools.) Such a series could be fascinating. It could be handled in documentary style, like a BBC *Special Enquiry*, or dramatised like Miss Doncaster's *Big City* series on Associated Rediffusion. Instead, the formula is simply the familiar "team," two from each side, arguing. Those taking part have to be exceptionally gifted if this formula is not now to seem stale. Presumably it was thought politically expedient to do this series, but not worth spending much money on it.

More important BBC TV projects impending include the Antarctica series (six programmes spread over two years) and Laurens van der Post in Africa (from May 18, weekly).

* * *

Northern listeners were recently able to hear a programme on the strange life of Baron Corvo, Corvo's voice being rendered by Esmé Percy. I hope we shall hear this in the south.

A reconstruction of an equally interesting, but far nobler, life was last Sunday night's Home Service *Portrait of William Temple*. Immense pains had evidently been taken to record and to piece together memories of Temple by many of his friends, of high and low estate—one of the most moving being a recollection by a woman whom he had visited when she was sick. But, admirable as the content was, the formula itself—recorded voices linked by narrative—began to pall. More dramatic contrast was needed: a snatch of choral music, perhaps, or the buzz of a conference, with plausible overheard dialogue. Or else, an hour was too long. Before half of it was up we began to look at our watches. It would soon be closing time. We went out for a drink, saying hypocritically that Temple would have wished us to do so.

TOM DRIBERG

# Quite a Bashing

SOME slices of life I know only from sitting in the three-and-sixpennies: the American kitchen, for example, or boxing, also American. I've never been to a boxing match, the over-pricing of which seems to me grotesque. But in shadow-land, how well I know it all! The foetid hall, the constellation over the ring (really a padded square), the peanut-seller and the eater who is certain to half-choke himself, the guys and molls in the front row, and the slogging match in the middle, which may be enlivened by the knowledge of a pretty, agonising wife round the corner or the presence of black-suited gorillas who will follow the winner, who is supposed to lose, down a dark alley—how familiar it is! Nothing has been kept from me: at least, I hope not. For I have followed boxing from my own ringside seat through romance into realism, and now, I may say, no boxing film dares be other than denunciatory. Dr. Summerskill, I imagine, must be a fan of this new order. That boxers are pushed around, child-like to start with, punch-drunk at thirty-five, made and marred in the same blow, are now commonplaces of the cinema. How true this may be I don't know, since I have never bothered to find out. I was quite content to discover that here was a monstrous racket, which sucked a man like an orange and threw him into the dustbin before his more fortunate fellows had properly started.

We had, however—we who follow from the cinema ringside—come to assume that he who rises to the championship class would at least have earned enough money to start a restaurant. Not so, according to *The Harder They Fall*. The championship business is a racket too, and the would-be champion will get no more than 47-odd dollars for his deciding fight. This appears to me, now that I set it down in print, rather unlikely; however, to be fair, I must admit that I swallowed it so long as, at the Marble Arch Odeon, I had my eyes on the screen. Oh, it's a smashing picture! A giant comes out of South America (Jan Sterling), is built up into a champion by fixed victories and the help of ex-sports-reporter Bogart; and when he gets his first and last bashing from one who won't comply, we are pulped ourselves and really grateful for a happy ending which sends the giant back home with a miraculously mended jaw and some cash, and our sports reporter with (apparently) the story of a lifetime beginning "Boxing should be outlawed in America." One wonders which column it will be published under.

But, directed by Mark Robson, *The Harder They Fall* does look and sound good. Whatever may be the facts about champion-making, he has hard dialogue and quick views in his grasp. Not only the sitting-round and the limelit action of boxing, but squalid streets and neon nights make their conviction; and there is quite powerful satire in the publicity that can create a boxer out of looks. Well town-scaped, well typed; in addition to the child-mountain and Bogart, Rod Seiger gives an excellent performance as the phoney promoter. We have seen a good deal of him lately—in *One Man Mutiny* and *Jubal*—and he encourages us to expect much more.

At the Empire, to which goes many a funny film, will be found *Safari*. This is widest and most chromatic Africa. Fascinating indeed, are the zoological pairings. Crocodiles love blondes; and so of course Miss Janet Leigh goes adventuring in a rubber dinghy. A mad Knight (Roland Culver) is after a lion Natari, mad no doubt as he. Victor Mature as Big White Hunter longs for a magnificent elephant, and then finds a much better addiction—Mau Mau—so that Miss Leigh has to side-track him with several baths, in pool and tub. He, with a family murdered by Mau Mau, has acquired the necessary freedom and chip on the shoulder; and this courtship, as he works his sudden lift of the forehead (big emotion) and she brings out her jungle trousseau and blond persiflage, is a burbling thing. No one who relishes the bad, irresistible film, should miss *Safari*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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# Correspondence

## INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

SIR,—Last week Critic called attention to the formation of a new informal organisation of Socialists which was founded a fortnight ago. Since the first meeting of the British branch of this society is to be held at 7.30 at Friends' House on April 17, perhaps it would be useful for me to now say something more about its origins and objects.

In two articles I contributed to the *N.S. & N.* in January, 1955, I argued that Socialism has been from the beginning an international conception but that in recent times Socialist internationalism has been increasingly neglected in favour of the formulation of separate national programmes and that we needed an informal Socialist organisation to exchange ideas and experiences and to seek international solutions.

I confess that I hardly expected my articles to have an immediate practical outcome, but I hoped that others younger and more vigorous than I would take up the matter, and I said in my articles that I could on no account play more than a very minor part. A number of things, however, began to happen. A group of Socialists in London took the initiative of setting up a little society to act as a pioneer for an international body and provisionally gave it the big name of World Socialist Movement. A little later, a conference was held last July in Oxford which was attended by a nucleus of potential members from many countries. In Paris at the end of last month a further conference set up an international society for the study of Socialism, with headquarters in Paris, with a broad international committee and Michel Rocard of the French Socialist Party and Clovis Maksoud as joint secretaries. Much against my will, I accepted office as President, and Professor Ernest Labrousse, of

the French Socialist Party, was chosen as Vice-president.

The I.S.S.S. consists of individual members and has no ambition to usurp the functions of an existing body. Its purpose is to start international Socialist discussion amongst members and their friends. The founders regard themselves as part of the Socialist "left" in their respective countries but they do not attempt to define "left" or to lay down any doctrinal basis as a condition of membership. They seem, however, to agree at this stage that (a) Socialism implies rejection of all national and racial discrimination, opposition to all forms of imperialist and colonialist domination, and a concerted attempt by Socialists to formulate the objectives of Socialism which are common to countries at all stages of economic and social development and inheritors of many different colonial traditions; (b) Socialism is more than a Welfare State and requires structural changes leading to the abolition of class distinctions and the achievement of a classless social order; (c) international Socialism involves opposition to all attempts to divide the world into rival power blocs. This is clearly not a formal statement of principles but only a distillation of conclusions that appear to emerge from the two conferences held so far.

I am sending a circular letter to a number of those who wrote to me (or to the *N.S. & N.*) as an outcome of my earlier articles, inviting them to attend next Tuesday's meeting in London. At this meeting I hope it will be decided to make the existing "World Socialist Movement" group the nucleus for a London, or British, group of the new Society. Similar groups are being formed in other countries; and arrangements are in hand for publishing a report of the Paris Conference and for the preparation of the first memoranda for circulation. I am asking those who cannot come on April 17, but are interested in the I.S.S.S., to write to me at 74 Holders Hill Road, London, N.W.4. I regret that I cannot tell them the terms of international subscription, as these were left to be fixed as soon as possible by the provisional committee set up at Paris. Each group will of course be free to settle its own local rates of subscription, subject to the payment of its quota towards the international expenses.

At the Paris Conference we naturally spent a good deal of time debating the significance of the recent twentieth party congress in Moscow—some of us hopeful, and others sceptical, of a gradual liberalisation of methods that would enable us to reopen contacts with Socialists from beyond the "Iron Curtain." With that part of the world we have at present no contacts: nor are we in touch with the Communist parties of the West. We have, however, friends both in Yugoslavia and among the members of the Nenni Socialist Party (and of other groups) in Italy, as well as in the parties of the Socialist International and its Asian counterpart and in the trade union movements of a number of countries. Our aspiration is to create a world-wide structure of personal contacts and communication among Socialists.

Finally, let me try to make clear how we propose to proceed at the international level. A number of memoranda are being prepared by members of I.S.S.S., each dealing with a particular aspect of Socialist policy on which international discussion is felt to be needed. These will be printed or roneographed and will be circulated to members and to others interested, not as statements of policy but as materials for discussion by groups and individuals, who will be invited to send their comments to I.S.S.S. as contributions to the building up of a body of international Socialist opinion. At a later stage I.S.S.S., we hope, will have its own journal, in as many languages as possible; but for the time being we have to content ourselves with producing and translating with the help of our friends in different countries these explanatory memoranda. Until we see how much support our new society can command, we can only feel our way, asking our comrades in the various national movements for sympathetic understanding of what we are trying to do and our members for the utmost objectivity and mutual forbearance in facing the facts confronting world Socialism in the contemporary world.

All this is, of course, highly provisional. That, however, is in the nature of the case; for I.S.S.S. is not approaching its task with a preconceived set of dogmas, but in the hope of working out its beliefs by a process of co-operative thought and inquiry. It needs all the help it can get—not least, money to give it a start. This letter is an appeal to all Socialists who see the need for new Socialist thought on an international as well as on a national level to give us their support in a difficult but not, I hope, impossible venture.

G. D. H. COLE

## STATE SECURITY

SIR,—"Mr. Hale," said the chairman of the Court, "we have a report upon you from M.I.5." Indeed," I replied cheerfully. "It is a very grave one," he continued and added, as my face fell a little, "I will recapitulate it to you." He glanced at the dossier in front of him. "You visited the U.S.S.R. in 1938 as the guest of the Russians. In that same year you supported Cripps, Strauss and Bevan in their popular front campaign. You were a member of the Left Book Club. You gave lectures on Russia using the Webbs as your source book. In 1946 and later you constantly took up the cause of Communists imprisoned in Greece. You have attacked white rule in the colonies. You once tried to read and understand *Das Kapital*. You have been known to drink too much. You have visited the Russian embassy. You have been observed to read the *Daily Worker*. Is this true?" I gulped miserably. "Every word of it," I said.

The man on the right looked at the printed form in front of him. "Do you suffer from homosexualism, lesbianism, nymphomania, kleptomania, claustrophobia, schizophrenia, acute dyspepsia, gastric ulcers or any peculiarity that might make you a bad security risk?" "Only Bevanism," I said.

The man who had not spoken, looked up. "You supported the man Attlee when he visited and gave comfort to the Spanish republicans. You offered to go to fight there, although you now call yourself a pacifist." "Yes," I admitted. "Changeable and unreliable?" he suggested. "My opinions have improved," I claimed. "Only last week you attended a luncheon to Malenkov." "So did the national executive the week before." "But *you* went voluntarily, and paid for your lunch. Last week you also visited the Hungarian embassy." "There were Tory M.P.s there, too," I explained. "Doubtless they had business interests, but you had none."

"Mr. Hale," said the presiding judge, "this is a very grave record indeed. Can you satisfy us now that you are no longer a sympathiser with Communism?" "But I am," I shouted. "I am a Socialist. I sympathise with the great economic experiment of Communism. I agree with Berdyaev that competitive capitalism is the antithesis of Christianity and that the basic economic of Communism, even of Russian Communism, has something that is Christian in its conception. I believe the average Russian is economically much better off than he would have been under the Tsars. But I detest their denial of freedom of thought and their secret police." After the last words the Court looked a shade more favourable. "You have one chance more," said the chairman. "Are you in favour of the suppression of Communist thought in this country and of the extension of the powers of M.I.5?" "No, I am not." "Then we must find you guilty."

No, Sir, it hasn't happened yet and it probably never happens like that. But what is the good of my friend George Strauss saying that cases can be raised in the House when the very mention of the victim's name damns him socially? What is the importance of claiming that it is a Tory Minister and not M.I.5 who decides, when the case is decided in secret on written evidence? Are we not on a slippery slope indeed when we learn that sufferers from the purge have included a soldier applying for a commission, a post office engineer from Manchester and a girl in a Ministry who might have had access to Cabinet letters? If her, why not the charwoman, the postman or the window-cleaner? Is it not a dreadful thing to have to concede that a man can be punished for having relatives who live,

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unwillingly, behind the Iron Curtain? Or because his wife's political views are not the same as his? If a wife, why not a son or daughter or a mistress? "Him," said the local gossip, pointing to a retired ambassador, "He's been purged he has. Must be a homosexual or a drug addict or have a missus who's left-wing."

And the test now includes not only the holding of opinions but having sympathy with them. Surely we are getting near the point where the most dangerous risk will be the sincere Christian.

House of Commons. LESLIE HALE

## A NEW START IN KENYA?

SIR,—I am afraid that Mr. Paget has let his enthusiasm run away with him when he says at the end of his description of the improvements in the Kikuyu reserve: "The result is that the Kikuyu reserve can now provide a good living for far more than its existing inhabitants." The reserve is simply not big enough for this to be true. The Royal Commission on East Africa gave the following figures of population density in the Kikuyu reserve: Nyeri district, 272 people to the square mile, Fort Hall 411, and Kiambu no less than 420. If there are on the average five people in a family, this means 54 families in Nyeri district, to the square mile, but over 80 families in Fort Hall and Kiambu. If three-quarters of the total area is cultivated land, that gives 480 acres, or 60 holdings of eight acres each. On this basis (and I do not see how a family can be self-supporting on less than eight acres, even of very good land), the Nyeri district can give an adequate living to a few more than its present population. But in the other two districts there will be about 20 families out of the existing population per square mile unprovided for; there is not the slightest possibility of the land providing even subsistence, let alone "a good living," for "far more than its existing inhabitants." As for the Kikuyu reserve having plenty of water; so it has, in years when the rains do not fail; if Mr. Paget had seen it in 1953 he would not be quite so optimistic.

I also found very disquieting the assumption that seems to run through his letter, that the Africans in Kenya are always to occupy the lowest rungs of the social ladder; he mentions the desirability of letting Asians have responsibility, but does not seem to envisage any future for the Kikuyu except as smallholders or farm labourers. A good many people who assume this also assume that the Kikuyu are going to be contented with their future; in this, I believe, they are gravely mistaken.

15 Ox Lane, JANE MEIKLEJOHN
Harpenden, Herts.

## ROGER CASEMENT

SIR,—May I be permitted to compliment Ralph Partridge on his review of René MacColl's work on Roger Casement? I congratulate him on the title he has chosen for his detailed essay "A Target for Prejudice," also on his skill in stressing the fact, so little appreciated, that because "Casement practised homosexuality . . . he was by implication hanged for doing so as much as for his so-called treachery."

The agitation for Casement's reprieve was at one time gaining momentum every day; the White House and the Vatican were even in touch over a concerted effort to ask King George to show mercy to his prisoner. However, the sinister figures of Admiral Hall and Sir Basil Thomson, moving rapidly behind the scenes, were determined not to be baulked of their prey so easily. They immediately circulated photostats and typescripts of the diaries which they alleged to have been Casement's. These reached the eyes of everybody of importance hoping for a reprieve; those, for instance, of the American Ambassador, the Spanish Ambassador and Cardinal Bourne. As Mr. Partridge says, "Even allowing for the exacerbation of ignoble feelings in war, our Government's behaviour was blackguardly, to use Serjeant Sullivan's old-fashioned language."

There are three points, I find, that do not seem to have been emphasised sufficiently:—

1. If the diaries were really genuine and in view of the doubt which still exists (in my own breast for one), why does the Home Office persistently refuse all demands to furnish proof of their authenticity?
2. It has not been sufficiently stressed either by Mr. MacColl or by Mr. Partridge that Casement's real purpose in landing in Ireland was not to assist the rebellion of '16 but rather to try to stop it.
3. Why on earth does the British Government still continue to refuse permission for Casement's remains to be transferred to Ireland for decent burial there? At present they still lie in Pentonville Prison, despite the efforts first of relatives and later of the Government of the Irish Republic to obtain permission for their transfer. When I was in Ireland for the opening of the Roger Casement Sports Park in Belfast, which I was invited to attend, I gave an interview to the *Irish Press* on June 16, 1953, in the course of which I said "there is no valid reason why the British Government should continue to refuse to allow the re-interment of Casement's remains in his own country. Is it the British Government's intention that hatred and spite should be carried well beyond the grave?" May I today, through the courtesy of your columns, now repeat these words?

GERALD HAMILTON
9a Ovington Square, S.W.3.

## THE MAYA OF MEXICO

SIR,—Miss Jacquetta Hawkes, in her review of Mr. J. Eric S. Thompson's *The Rise and Fall of Maya Civilisation*, has omitted to mention the latter-day tragedy which has overtaken both the modern Maya and their monuments.

The Maya of Mexico live mostly, with the exception of the extraordinary aberrant offshoot in Vera Cruz, Maya speaking, but doubtfully ethnologically allied, in Yucatan, Chiapas and the Territory of Quintana Roo. In Yucatan and Quintana Roo the economy was dependent on the two exports of henequen (sisal) and chicle, used for making chewing gum. The henequen trade is now moribund, and a synthetic substitute has now been found for chicle. As a result of the former Yucatan is economically in a disastrous position, and of the latter the chicle gatherers no longer penetrate the forest acting as "scouting parties" for the archæologist. The airstrips in the jungle where the chicle gatherers used to ship their cargoes are closing down one after the other, and the jungle will once more close over the ruins of Tikal and Uaxatun.

It is quite obvious that there must be a great number of Maya remains as yet undiscovered. The archæological map facing page 56 of Sylvanus Morley's great work on the Ancient Maya has enormous blanks, particularly due south of Chichen Itza, and, in view of the fact that their remains are dotted freely over the rest of the area, it is only reasonable to expect that there is more to be found here. Unfortunately, the Mexican government, which has at its disposal a devoted and brilliant team of archæologists, allows only £70,000 a year for research and maintenance, of which a mere £4,000 is devoted to pre-Hispanic remains. The great complex of Chichen Itza, Maya-Toltec in origin, has to subsist on a pittance of £170 a year, and, were it not for the generosity of organisations like the Carnegie Institute and the Peabody Museum, both Chichen and Uxmal would still be rotting in the tick-ridden scrub jungle of Yucatan.

It would be interesting to know what, if anything, the Colonial Office is doing about the extensive Maya temples in British Honduras, at Lubaantun and elsewhere.

The Maya glyphs have never yet been deciphered, with the exception of those relating to their calendar, though I am told that the Russians have recently claimed to have worked out a key. The Maya Rosetta stone has still to be found, but, in view of the fact that their civilisation was already decayed before the arrival of the Spaniards, it seems improbable that we can ever look forward to this event. It is very sad, for one would like to know more of the past of this lovable, courteous, gentle and strictly honest people. JAMES ROBERTSON-JUSTICE

Croft Downie,
North Kessock, Ross-shire.

## PLATO AND OXBRIDGE

SIR,—It would be a pity if a largely just vexation with Plato's limitations as an educationist should be allowed to obscure some of the issues raised by Mr. Crossman's article. It would seem to distract attention from the fact—too little heeded, I think, by Mr. Crossman—that for many years Oxbridge's main, most serious and intelligent educationist effort in the Humanities has probably been, not in philosophy, but in the study of English literature. The embarrassed English student would have to acknowledge that earnest practical men like Mr. Crossman will not be inclined to take very seriously claims for the value of this study in a world where (to the surprise of others besides Mr. Davenport) Mr. Cyril Connolly can play with such remarkable success his little games at the expense of English literature. And indeed to a person moving in circles where Miss Raine's verse is thought to deserve a lengthy review, poetry might well appear to be the last subject with which intelligent young men and women should be encouraged to spend any considerable time. The readiness to find fault with Oxbridge provokes a partisan to add, as a further way of accounting for and excusing what he feels to be an important omission on Mr. Crossman's part, that the value of English studies can hardly become very quickly apparent to the intelligent outsider when so much of them in this country is in the stranglehold of the atrocious London University system.

But there have been strong influences tending to loosen this deadly grip, and many readers besides myself must have been disappointed that neither any writer in the special *Twentieth Century* number on Redbricks nor Mr. Crossman offered to come really to terms with Dr. Leavis's *Education and the University*.

J. M. NEWTON

## PAMPHLETS AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM

SIR,—The Copyright Act of 1911 lays down a general obligation on publishers to deliver a copy of every book, pamphlet, periodical, etc., they publish to the British Museum. The obligation is not limited to publications offered for sale. Mr. Pollard is correct in his assumption; Mr. Wootton's doubts have no foundation.

Mr. Pollard may be right in his contention that some propaganda literature is not deposited in the British Museum, but, if so, the remedy is not as easy as he supposes. Once the Copyright Receipt Office of the British Museum is aware of the existence of a pamphlet, an application is made to the publisher, who almost invariably complies immediately. Good will in this matter is universal and prosecution practically unnecessary. What is often lacking is the knowledge that a pamphlet exists, for it is difficult to trace such material, most of it being unadvertised in any way, and we are therefore grateful to Mr. Pollard and Mr. Wootton for calling attention to the problem and reminding societies of their obligations.

Department of Printed Books, British Museum. C. B. OLDMAN, *Principal Keeper*

## SLANSKY AND THE ROSENBERGS

SIR,—When Slansky and his associates were in prison under sentence of death, I wrote to the British-Czechoslovakia Friendship Society in London expressing my horror that a number of men who had rendered lifelong service to the Communist Party should be put to death by a Communist government for political reasons. While avoiding any criticism of the justice of the sentence, I urged the Society to make a plea for mercy.

I received a reply in which the secretary of the Society (apparently a woman) sneered at my easily-aroused sense of horror and advised me to wait until I heard the truth about the crimes of the accused.

About the same time I wrote to the British Foreign Secretary (then Sir Anthony Eden) asking him to use his influence with the State Department to exercise mercy for the Rosenbergs. I received a courteous reply stating that the Foreign Secretary was unable to interfere in the internal affairs of the United States.

F. O'HANLON

St. Michael's,
Hayling Rise, Worthing.

## NEWSPAPER CIRCULATIONS

SIR,—For an ex-editor, Mr. Francis Williams shows a surprising disregard of fact. Or, maybe, it is merely that he is ill-informed. In your last issue he talked of "the cold wind of falling circulation" blowing through the office of the *Empire News*. No doubt he mentioned this to bolster up the reasons with which he was crediting the paper for publishing the memoirs of Mr. Pierrepoint.

Far from feeling the cold wind of falling circulation, the *Empire News* has been enjoying the warm breezes of steadily increasing sales over the period of the last two years, as the following audited and published average net sales figures clearly indicate:—

July-December, 1954; 1,994,311 copies per issue.
January-June, 1955; 2,049,880 copies per issue.
July-November 6, 1955; 2,070,377 copies per issue.
November 13, 1955; Merger of the *Empire News and Sunday Chronicle*.
December, 1955; 2,532,540 copies per issue.

In the first three months of this year, the circulation has shown a further substantial increase and is still rising.

G. GRAFTON GREEN
*Editor*
*Empire News and Sunday Chronicle.*

SIR,—Francis Williams states that the *Weekend Mail* has fallen in circulation and faces "a horrid future." The fact is that last July *Weekend Mail* began to recover from circulation losses caused by the newspaper strike and has risen substantially and almost continuously ever since.

The net figure for the week ended March 31 this year was 173,704 higher than the net figure for the week ended July 23, 1955.

Mr. Williams has possibly been confused by the published figures for the six months ended December 31. These were lower than for the previous six months but the circulation at the end of the period was higher than that at the beginning.

It is possible that Mr. Williams is as mistaken in his interpretation of *Weekend Mail* editorial policy as he was in his comment on its circulation.

*Weekend Mail.* BRIAN MAY
*Editor*

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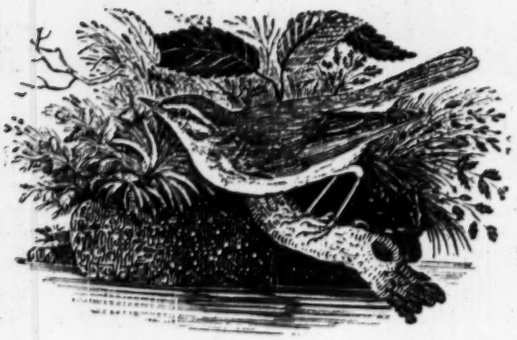

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## DECADE TALK

THAT we talk as if the *Zeitgeist* shed its skin every ten years is a vice of the English language. A Frenchman can, if he wants to, speak of *les années trente*, but it is not a serious temptation. Nobody here speaks of the Noughts or the Teens.

The only two decades with agreed epithets are "the *naughty* Nineties" and "the *hungry* Forties" (of last century). The *recent* Forties were divided by the war into two parts of equal length. But, in the Thirties already, there was a stereotype for the Twenties, and a Thirties stereotype is now widely accepted even by people old enough to know better, some of them humbugs, others merely bemused.

It is a question of which facts you choose to perpetuate, not whether or no they were facts. There can, for instance, be no doubt that *The Yellow Book* appeared in the Nineties, which are therefore alternatively known as "the *Yellow Book* period," though *The Yellow Book*, despite its faint air of sin, was hardly *naughty* and though one might think the novels of Thomas Hardy, early Conrad, Ibsen and the Boer War more important. In the later Twenties, women unquestionably wore short skirts, cloche hats and Eton-cropped hair, while Noel Coward and Aldous Huxley flourished, and Evelyn Waugh managed to get one novel in before the end of a decade which also produced *The Waste Land, Ulysses, Lady Chatterley's Lover, Saint Joan, To the Lighthouse* and *The Tower*. Nor can it be denied that in the Thirties there were poets whose names were Auden, Spender and Day Lewis or that, later, they were reinforced by the Toynbee generation, though, for one's own part, one may have paid more attention to Richards, Leavis and Empson, Dylan Thomas, *The Winding Stair, The Waves*, Eric Gill, T. S. Eliot, Herbert Read, or, for that matter, to Evelyn Waugh, Wyndham Lewis and Desmond MacCarthy.

Indeed, the only people who can really have seen the Thirties as younger men now think they see them were, on the one hand, those within the *New Signatures, New Country* circle, and those (now aged forty) who emerged from their universities and public schools when the Spanish war was already at its height and the certainty of trouble with Hitler clear to everybody outside the government, the diplomatic corps and Fleet Street.

For my own part, in age betwixt and between, when the decade began I was at a redbrick university, to which I travelled daily from a town (Huddersfield) which, though one saw young unemployed men kicking their heels in the market-place, yet remained, statistically, *per capita* the third richest in the country. In 1931, outside Strasbourg, I caught glimpses of what must have been the Maginot Line in construction. I flirted with the Communist Party in Leeds for a matter of weeks in 1933 and, for the rest of the decade, took perhaps culpably little interest in politics, though I was a good deal attached, at various times, to the *Adelphi*, which (with a peculiarly religious pink of its own) was Socialist, as I had from an early age been persuaded by one of my uncles that I was.

My experience of the Thirties must, I suppose, be called marginal. Though I spent their last six and a half years mostly in London, earning a sometimes desperately inadequate living as a free-lance writer, I knew, of the *New Country* group, only Stephen Spender before the Spain days. Among writers one still much reads about, I was thickest with George Orwell, whose name appears on the stereotype, and Dylan Thomas, whose name does not. I saw a good deal of Herbert Read, Eric Gill and Middleton Murry, and in the winter of 1935-6 I was under instruction to Father D'Arey, but got away. The day the Spanish war broke out (July 18, 1936), I travelled from London to Langham, near Colchester, where Middleton Murry had founded a community (more properly a *communitas*, he insisted) which was also to be a Socialist university (or *universitas*) and to be called The Adelphi Centre. Earlier that year, I had spent about twenty minutes in Nazi Germany, having crossed the Kehl bridge from Strasbourg to have a look. Murry and the *Adelphi* turned pacifist, and so did I. By 1938, even pacifism had begun to seem excessively political, and any large world-outlook I retained was purely fatalistic.

This is not of much interest in itself, but it does seem to the point that one could be some kind of writer and of "young intellectual" all through the Thirties and yet remain so far outside what is now regarded as the main stream. It did not, at the time, even seem the main stream. Auden, Spender and Day Lewis did not, from any point at which I found myself, in the least appear to dominate the age. Their first works had been collectively exciting. Now they seemed to diverge and to write sometimes good poems, sometimes bad ones. In *New Verse*, two of their names increasingly became targets for Mr. Grigson's anathemas. Other socialists viewed them satirically. An editor of the *Adelphi*, for instance, always referred to them as "the boy-scout and buttercup brigade."

There was no shortage of other political hues. Major Douglas's Social Credit theories lost their most effective advocate when A. R. Orage died at the end of 1934, but the *New English Weekly* went on, with T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound among its contributors and editorial advisers, and there was still *New Britain*, the Douglasite lunatic fringe. Eric Gill was a Douglasite, but the Catholics also had their Chestertonian one-acre-and-a-cow distributism, while the present editor of the Liberal *Twentieth Century* published a quarterly, *Colosseum*, whose views were thought clerical-Fascist. In 1934, when I was living in Chelsea, the place crawled with young men in black shirts.

Above all, there was the traditional Right, which was continuously in office but whose apologists today somehow contrive to give the impression that the political mess of the Thirties was created by the Left, whereas, in fact, the growth of Leftish sentiment must, in the main, have been due to dismay at what the government was doing or rather, with a painful obviousness, not doing. There were, in the Thirties, real disturbances. They were not invented by politically minded intellectuals here. The conspicuous incapacity our successive governments showed for dealing either with foreign troubles or with the no less real economic distress at home compelled a degree of attention, in many cases from people who would have preferred to pay no attention to politics whatever. Then as now, the majority was politically indifferent, so long as it had what it wanted, and its wants were still modest, perhaps because it had not been so badly scared.

Even the politically minded intellectuals sometimes relaxed, whether on psychiatrists' couches or on German hilltops. In 1935, it could not, I think, have struck anybody who knew him to regard George Orwell as politically minded. He was *against* a great many things, some of them authoritarian institutions. He was, in fact, the best possible type of crank. In August, 1936, he came down to lecture at Langham, and I was his chairman. After the lecture, we retired to the Shepherd and Dog and talked a great deal. I do not think Spain was mentioned, although it was now some weeks since a General Francisco Franco had landed, with Moors and legionaries, at Seville.

In December, Orwell went to Spain. The story of what he saw there is told in *Homage to Catalonia*, but I got a preview by post, and it kept me "neutral". Even neutrality did not mean that one could think of anything to be said in Franco's favour or in favour of the British government's passive intervention on his side. To that extent it might be true to say that, by the summer of 1937, all decent people had turned pink, except those Catholics who were under Jesuit rather than Dominican influence. The Left-wing orthodoxy of the Thirties was an orthodoxy about *Spain*, and when it came into existence the decade was three-quarters over and our own war nearly on top of us.

More than half of the Fifties is now behind us. We ought to be able to guess at the myth they will leave. It depends, of course, on whether (or on the length of time by which) atomic warfare anticipates the Sixties. With a bit of luck, we may be remembered as the generation which lived in fear of a weapon which never killed a European, what time our favourite plaything, the motor car, was killing fifty thousand Europeans a year. There will certainly be seen to have been a Right-wing orthodoxy, and, unless there is now a marked change, its literature is bound to be regarded as a butlers' and antique-dealers' cult of gracious living and more

spacious ages. The absurdities of 1937 may be condoned as showing that people then still had some heart. The characteristic dottiness of today will seem a madness with too much method in it.

This, too, may be condoned. It will be seen how extraordinarily few full-time, professional literary intellectuals there were in the Fifties, and it may be understood how, for monetary reasons, the plums had to be picked by people who, before Hitler's war, had lived or could have lived on private income. The names of Mr. Wain and Mr. Amis are unlikely to figure in the stereotype. If, individually, their work comes to anything and, even more, if they become *chefs d'école*, they will be claimed by the Sixties themselves. I hope they are.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

# Do We Count in Washington?

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Ever since 1940 the mainspring of our foreign policy has been a nervous effort to retain the support of the United States for our dwindling imperial interests. The more anxious any British Government becomes about losing that support, the more it talks about the "special relationship" which links the British and American peoples. Although it cannot be denied that *power* has now been transferred to Washington, we fondly persuade ourselves that our *influence* on American policy is undiminished. It smoothes our ruffled national self-esteem to relate how Roosevelt was saved from countless foolishnesses by Sir Winston's steadying advice; how Mr. Byrnes would have sold out to Stalin without Ernest Bevin's bluff common sense to stop him; how Harry Truman was steeled to dismiss General MacArthur by Clement Attlee's quiet promptings; and how Ike slapped down the preventive warriors because he realised that Sir Anthony was more prudent than his own Secretary of State.

All these comforting stories are now part of the folklore of Westminster. But how true are they? No one can say until the documents are published; and at present we have virtually no British documentation apart from the exuberances of Sir Winston's memoirs and the dry reservations of Earl Attlee's. What we do have is a constantly expanding library of books crammed with first-hand American evidence—the *Hopkins Papers*, the *Forrestal Diaries*, the *Vandenberg Papers*, for instance. They give a very different estimate of British influence in Washington since 1945.

Two new volumes have now been added to this American library—the second part of Mr. Truman's memoirs and an approved hagiography of General MacArthur. In *Years of Trial and Hope*, Mr. Truman has concentrated on a single theme—the development of the Truman Doctrine into the policy of "containment" between 1946 and 1951. Having immensely enjoyed his cocky chronicle of his first nine months in the White House, I had hoped that, in his second volume, he would continue to be his own annalist. Unfortunately he has preferred to survey his Presidency, topic by topic, in a number of scrappy chapters. It is a relief when he returns to narrative in dealing with the Korean war and tells this enthralling story straight.

Despite its literary deficiencies, *Years of Trial and Hope* gives us a clear picture of Washington's relations with the Labour Government. The Truman Doctrine, we are told, was a product neither of Sir Winston's Fulton speech nor of Mr. Bevin's promptings. It sprang from the President's own decision that Stalin was out for world conquest and Britain was too weak to stop him. Of course, Mr. Truman—well advised throughout by Dean Acheson—was aware of the need to carry his allies with him in building the new "containment" policy. But there is nothing to suggest that he required Mr. Bevin's help to sustain him against the isolationists and preventive warriors in Congress. Indeed, Mr. Bevin seems to have been an acute embarrassment to Western unity owing to his insane handling of the Palestine problem. He not only antagonised American public opinion but gratuitously insulted the President himself.

Mr. Truman never forgave or forgot those incoherent jibes. He obviously preferred Mr. Attlee's methods of diplomacy and gives a detailed account of their talks in the Korean winter of 1951. Mr. Attlee, it will be remembered, suddenly decided to go to Washington owing to a rumour that General MacArthur was to be permitted to use atomic weapons in Korea. According to Mr. Truman, they got on fine, agreeing at once that there could be neither a voluntary evacuation of Korea nor yet a spreading of the war. Characteristically, Mr. Attlee seems to have been content to assure himself that the President was in control. Apparently he never mentioned General MacArthur and his only reference to the A-bomb was made in an aside, when the conference was over and the communiqué actually being drafted.

It may fairly be argued that we should take Mr. Truman's account of Anglo-American relations with a pinch of salt. He was bound to claim the whole credit for the "containment" policy; and he would certainly play down any pressure exerted on him by the British Government for MacArthur's dismissal. But this argument no longer applies when we come to consider *Victory in the Pacific*. Since one of the authors is General Willoughby, the head of MacArthur's Military Intelligence and his official historian, this book can be assumed to be the authorised version of MacArthur's campaigns from Batan to Korea. As such, I can recommend it wholeheartedly. MacArthur was the one soldier of genius thrown up by World War II and General Willoughby is not merely idolatrous when he compares his campaigns with those of Napoleon.

Unfortunately the comparison extends into the fields of politics. MacArthur was as unable to obey the politicians in Washington as Napoleon was to serve the Directoire. Throughout World War II he was convinced that Mr. Roosevelt was over-estimating the importance of Europe as against the Pacific, starving him of supplies and generally frustrating his policies. In his treatment of the Korean war, General Willoughby applies this thesis with even more violent prejudice to the balance struck by Mr. Truman between the requirements of NATO and those of General MacArthur. He accuses Truman of pampering America's Western allies and failing to see that the real Communist threat was in the Pacific.

What does General Willoughby have to say about British influence in Washington? I can find no reference to the Attlee visit and only one, on page 329, to British pressure.

> A principal bar to Japan's attempt to build up its competitive position in the world under the Occupation was the attitude of the British, who sought by one means or another to bring Japan under the control of the sterling bloc (*sic*) . . . MacArthur's closest advisers always suspected that the fight over London's strait-jacket on Japan's import-export economy played a very important part in setting the stage for his dismissal. These secrets are locked in the archives, but members of MacArthur's Tokyo staff are certain that British pressure helped to bring Mr. Truman to the sticking-point in the great drama of the recall.

If there had been any hard evidence to show that the British Government ever exercised a veto on White House policy, General Willoughby would have used it for all it was worth. The fact that the only reference to British pressure is a single passage about Japanese trade suggests that Mr. Truman's claim that he formulated his own policies without much prompting from London is broadly correct.

Unless some new British evidence is published, we must therefore assume that, throughout this period, (i) the main Western policies were conceived in the White House; (ii) the great debate on those policies took place in the United States; and (iii) the Labour Government was content to sustain Mr. Truman in his policy of containment and his firm opposition to preventive war. Not until Sir Winston made his famous demand for high-level talks and Sir Anthony negotiated the Indo-China armistice did a British Government find it necessary to challenge an American policy.

If this picture is correct, British Socialists should undertake some re-thinking. We have all made speeches about the Labour Government's moral influence in Washington and the restraint it exerted on America's wild men. In fact, these claims fail to do credit to the courage and willpower of Harry Truman. The President, on his own initiative, exercised both the moral influence and the restraint. No doubt it sustained him to know that his main ally either backed his policies or—as in the case of Communist China's admission to U.N.—was content to register a formal protest. But the fact remains that the Labour Government was so nervous of losing American support that it first conceded the American bomber bases in Norfolk without demanding any *quid pro quo*, and then reversed its publicly declared opposition to German rearmament as soon as Mr. Acheson insisted on it. What an irony of history that the only policy the Labour Government prosecuted in clear defiance of the United States was Ernest Bevin's attempt to deny the Jews of Palestine their statehood!

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

# The Great Palace

**Versailles.** By IAN DUNLOP. *Batsford.* 30*s.*

Books on France continue to come out in shoals; too many are half-digested, badly written and, seen from the French side of the Channel, frankly ridiculous. This is not one of them. Mr. Dunlop has lived at Versailles, he knows French and knows every inch of the château; he has written a scholarly account of it which will be most useful to tourist and historian alike. He tells us all about the great palace itself, how it was built and decorated and rebuilt and redecorated; the whole complicated process is clearly described. At last we understand what happened there architecturally, when, by whose orders, and why.

Like most houses lived in by several generations it has undergone many changes. It was built by great architects for a great amateur, Louis XIV, and the chief alterations were made by equally great architects for his descendant, Louis XV, who also understood the art of patronage. The work done for these two kings spanned about 100 years. After that it was saved, as many another house has been, by lack of funds.

Mr. Dunlop describes the social and political life of the palace, illuminating his story with anecdotes and character studies. He has been to contemporary sources (oh, why no bibliography?), so we are not treated to the views and moral judgments of Michelet, Carlyle and Co. The oddity of the Bourbons is clearly seen, but their vices are not exaggerated.

No house in the world so kindles the imagination as Versailles and this has nothing to do with age (by European standards it is not old) or historical associations. Madame de Sévigné, who saw it being built, was under the spell just as we are today. The Daughters of France preferred spinsterhood there to an establishment, even a throne, anywhere else; their father's courtiers regarded exile from Versailles as a living death. No sooner was it built than every ruler in Europe,

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from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, wanted a copy of it. "The inspiration of Versailles made France what Italy had been in the Renaissance, the cultural centre of Europe." Apart from its æsthetic value, its great charm, no doubt, is the way in which it combines the centre of government with a gentleman's country seat. On one side the Marshals of France were leaving for the front, on the other the hunting horn rang out in the forest glades.

Versailles itself was the sun in a constellation of country-houses and smaller palaces, all within an easy drive of it; Mr. Dunlop gives an account of the Trianons, Clagny and Marly. "Sire, Marly?" said the courtiers, dying for an invitation. It was perhaps the most fascinating of all the palaces, though for some reason the wives and mistresses of the Kings never liked it much. Mesdames de Maintenon and Pompadour complained that it was draughty, and Marie Antoinette hardly went there. Now the little palace with its painted façade, the twelve pavilions for the guests, each with two apartments connected by a tiny oval staircase, the fountains, the pergolas, the arbours conducive to conversation, all have disappeared. The house, by then considered ugly and old-fashioned, was pulled down during Napoleon's Empire.

As Mr. Dunlop points out, nineteenth-century taste was more fatal to the palaces than the Revolution, which did but little damage to secular buildings. It is a curious fact that, as soon as Louis XVI had left Versailles for ever, the Service des Bâtiments put in hand an enormous programme of cleaning and repairs. Its structure, built shoddily and too fast, has several times been in serious danger. After the first world war it was saved by Mr. Rockefeller, and after the second by an effort of the whole French nation. Now there is enough money not only to keep it in repair but also for restoration which is being carried out with scholarship and taste. In twenty years' time Versailles may look more as it did in its hey-day than the great mouldering palace we have known.

*Du fond d'un vert bosquet qu'elle a pris pour tombeau*
*J'écoute lentement ta dernière fontaine*
*Pleurer sur toi, O Versailles, cité des eaux.*

NANCY MITFORD

# Beatrice Webb

**Beatrice Webb's Diaries 1924-1932.** Edited by MARGARET COLE. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

Beatrice Webb lived a double life. By day, she was the most famous and brilliant public woman of her generation. At night, preferring a diary to sleeping tablets, she wrote about her private difficulties and conflicts, and her comments on the public life that she increasingly disliked. The result is an immensely important as well as a diverting record, not strictly comparable with any of the other great historical diaries. We still have only a small part of her midnight reflections. *My Apprenticeship,* published in 1924, was based on her diaries before she was married. Characteristically, her husband, who liked only public thoughts, perhaps because he had so few private thoughts, felt she had quoted too much that was personal. But the rest of us will look forward to the release of more of her manuscripts. *Our Partnership,* almost ready for press when she died, took the story up to 1912. Since then Mrs. Cole has edited a volume of diary from 1912 to 1924, and the present selection covers Labour's two minority governments, the General Strike, the collapse of 1931, and the defection of Ramsay MacDonald.

Here indeed is richness. Mrs. Webb particularly enjoyed sketching in her diaries the characters of people who came to see her, and then, as the years went by, sharpening and changing her judgments. Neither she nor her husband ever liked Ramsay MacDonald, but it was not until he was Prime Minister in 1924 that they began to see just how vain and empty he was. Mrs. Webb constantly repeats that he was the only possible leader for the Party because he alone had the public appeal, the personality and the capacity for evoking the right emotions by fine words. As early as September, 1924, she comments on MacDonald's description of "Office" as "inspiration," that "the irresponsible power of the P.M. leads, not to inspiration, but to [the] intoxication so often mistaken for inspiration!" He was already showing his contempt for his serious colleagues and listening chiefly to men like J. H. Thomas; as a companion he chose General Thomson, a cultivated, charming man of the world, whom I well remember if only because he was so strange a fish to find swimming in Labourite waters. MacDonald had become a complete snob, and Mrs. Webb notes down that he would talk to her only about architecture, his passion for antique furniture and about the great houses of his aristocratic friends, from the Londonderrys downwards. She deals equally faithfully with the vulgar conceit of J. H. Thomas, the ignorant fanaticism of A. J. Cook, which was so great a tragedy for the British miners, with the ludicrous snobbery of Lady Snowden, and the political sterility of Philip Snowden. She is at her most acute in analysing the characters of old and respected friends like Susan Lawrence and Haldane. Her comment on Keynes, as early as 1926, is particularly acute:

> For when I look around I see no other man who might discover how to control the wealth of nations in the public interest. He is not merely brilliant in expression and provocative in thought; he is a realist; he faces facts, and he has persistency and courage in thought and action. By taste an administrator, by talent a man of science, with a remarkable literary gift, he has not the make-up of a political leader. Not that he lacks "personality"; he is impressive and attractive—he could impose himself on an audience and gather round him a group of followers and disciples; if he could tolerate a political party as God makes it, he could lead it. But he is contemptuous of common men especially when gathered together in herds—he dislikes the human herd and has no desire to enlist the herd instinct on his side. Hence his antipathy to trade unions, to proletarian culture, to nationalism and patriotism as distinguished from public spirit. The common interests and vulgar prejudices of aristocracies and plutocracies are equally displeasing to him—in fact he dislikes all the common or garden thoughts and emotions that bind men together in bundles. He would make a useful member of a Cabinet; but would he ever get there? Certainly not as a member of one of the present Front Benches. I do not know which one—Conservative or Labour—he would despise most. As for the rank and file! Heaven help them. What Keynes might achieve is a big scheme of social engineering; he might even be called in to carry it out, but as an expert and not as a representative.

Throughout her life Beatrice Webb was torn between her desire for political power and her conviction that all public success was won at the price of character and personal happiness. She disliked her job as wife of a Cabinet Minister and longed to retire with Sidney to Passfield Corner and to continue their joint authorship. She looked back with natural complacency on their joint achievement in founding the Labour Party, in creating the London School of Economics and the *New Statesman;* she records that the success of an institution is only proved when it has grown out of the control and influence of its founders. She felt it her duty to help the embarrassed wives of working men who had suddenly found themselves Cabinet Ministers. I am sure she did her best not to be patronising. I am also sure that they were both grateful and irritated by being instructed how to behave at garden parties. Mrs. Webb was always well-intentioned, but even old friends visiting her home felt that they were being too much "managed." She watched the effect of the "aristocratic embrace" on the new generation of Labour leaders, and singled out Arthur Henderson as one of the few trade unionists who could not be deflected by flattery and a dinner jacket. The General Strike she saw as the climax of the silly and dangerous trend towards syndicalism. Her worst fears about the Labour Party were confirmed in 1931.

Hitherto Communism had seemed to the Webbs a foreign movement scarcely affecting this country, but worthy, in Russia, of detached study. By 1931 they were reaching the point of wondering whether Socialism was possible anywhere without a disciplined and revolutionary party. After 1931 they allowed themselves to be absorbed in study of the Soviet Union, declaring that it was better than the usual senile alternative of being absorbed only in oneself.

As an appendix to this volume we are given extracts from Mrs. Webb's private account of Joseph Chamberlain's courting in 1883. That she was, in fact, deeply in love, emerges clearly enough. Joseph Chamberlain was looking for a second wife, and when he called on the family everyone was aware of the fact. Though he walked in the garden with Beatrice he never proposed to her because he discovered that, though she was so usefully informed on the social problems that interested him, she had unfortunately a mind of her own. He saw only "one domestic trouble," that "his sister and daughter were bitten by the women's rights mania." The dialogue continued: '"You don't allow division of opinion in your house, Mr. Chamberlain?" "I can't help people thinking differently from me." "But you don't allow the expression of the difference." "No." And that little word ended our intercourse.'

Mrs. Webb wrote: "How I should like to [word undecipherable] that man [Chamberlain]". The undecipherable (and Freud might have something to say about its illegibility) was not, I am sure, "marry", but "study", or "examine", perhaps "learn to understand". But there is no doubt that the disappointment was bitter and that Sidney was second best. He was a very sound second best; Mrs. Webb makes many references to their life-long honeymoon, and no one who knew them at all well will doubt their happiness together. But, while Sidney was apparently satisfied, Mrs. Webb was clearly not. She liked to talk about religion, which could not interest Sidney, and even when she was seventy she rebuked herself for vanity almost as she had in her girlhood diaries. Sidney, she said truly, was not like other men in that he seemed totally devoid of evil motives and even of chance desires. Together, she said, they accomplished "a considerable work". And if there were other things that she would have liked—to understand about God, to write a novel, to know passion, and to wield power—the world was not to know this.

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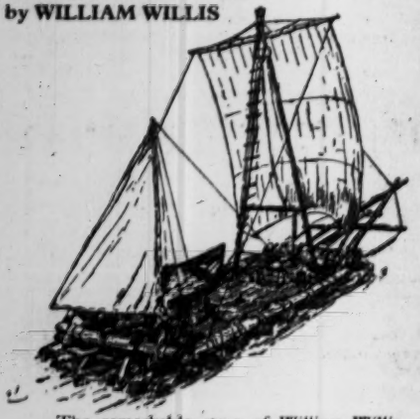

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little clue must be spotted, if the reader is to be spared the humiliation of letting the odious lawyer, Arthur Crook, plump the case in his lap.

*An Artist Dies* is one of Mr. John Rhode's complicated slogging affairs. "It was by no means as simple as you seem to imagine" remarks the murderer proudly, after Jimmy Waghorn has been leaving no stone unturned for 240 pages trying to discover why the artist's body had been laboriously carted round the countryside before coming to roost in a chicken-house. If the reader leaves Jimmy to sniff round the trail and takes a sharp look at the available suspects he may possibly spot the villain for himself; but I defy anyone to guess the motive for the crime. The clue to that is on the dust-jacket, which, as it may be absent on library copies, I will reveal—a dog-collar in a dead hand, beautifully photographed. Next question.

If the famous meteorologist died in a fit of delirium tremens, why were his eyes shut? There is so much South Australian atmosphere and political background and rough badinage in *The Battling Prophet* that our attention is swiftly diverted from the main issue. Who doctored that last dose of liquor? Mr. Upfield writes with as much gusto as ever, but this is not one of Inspector Bonaparte's more sophisticated cases. There are, one understands, a great many gum trees in Australia, and the temptation to bark up them must be sternly resisted while detection is in progress.

*Landscape With Dead Dons* is depicted as farcically as the title suggests. The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford is propped up in *rigor mortis* on his own College roof so as to represent a statue—first joke. A posse of naked gentlemen pursue a naked murderer all round the town and collar him at the foot of the Martyr's Memorial—last joke. Between these extremes there is plenty more excruciating fun, enough genuinely comic utterance to keep one turning the pages, and some scrappy detection hardly worthy of the name. One can hardly deny oneself a little participation in Mr. Robinson's tearing high spirits. This is his first book and may be forgiven. Once he has lightened his load of witticisms he might follow in the footsteps of Edmund Crispin with advantage.

Miss Dillon's campus murder is a milk-and-water affair compared with Mr. Robinson's. The unpopular President of a Dublin College takes a drop of poison for a night-cap. Which of his colleagues or their wives do you favour as the delinquent? Miss Dillon's gifts run more to character than to the niceties of criminal technique. The plot of *Death in the Quadrangle* does not rise above the elementary, but the authoress shuffles a pleasant pack of eccentric professors for us to choose from, among whom one is glad to welcome Professor Daly fresh from *Death at Crane's Court*.

In *Old Hall, New Hall* the University is English provincial redbrick; and the setting seems to have infected Michael Innes's usual mellifluous style with uninhibited overtones from Mr. Kingsley Amis. Some recklessness moreover has spread to the dust-cover, which claims the book as detection, whereas its true category is that of a jolly campus mystery—and a rather perfunctory and feeble specimen at that! The reader may speculate as to which of the two attractive girls will snaffle the hero, but beyond this there is no problem to bite on. Even the *dénouement* reminds us of something. Why, *Hamlet Revenge*, of course!

The two thrillers contrast the English and the American techniques. Mr. Fleming follows the late Peter Cheyney at a discreet distance and in more upper-class accoutrements. In *Diamonds are Forever* the hero (one could almost swear he was an old Etonian) traces a gang of diamond smugglers from London Airport via New York, and Saratoga Springs to Las Vegas, and back to Sierra Leone, picking up en route a gangster's moll with the most wonderful physique wrapped round a heart of gold. Of course there are many unpleasant incidents on the way, of which the issue is a foregone conclusion of calamity for his antagonists. This day-dream of male prepotence is written in a most suave and civilised prose, carries not an ounce of conviction and is extremely readable. Mr. Richard Ellington follows in the wake of Mr. Raymond Chandler. His hero in *It's a Crime*, a private eye called Steve Drake, is hired by a distinguished New York actor to recover some erotic photographs and runs straight into trouble from which he is only just able to crawl out. He too gets a girl in the end, and of the right dimensions, but he has been obliged to earn his bonus the hard way. Both thrillers exploit wishful-thinking, but the American variety leaves the participant feeling a little less degraded by the experience.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

## O Flatterer!

**The Englishness of English Art.** By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER. *Architectural Press.* 16s.

*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.* Dr. Pevsner begins this book, which is an expanded version of his Reith lectures, by excusing and explaining how it is that he, a German, is qualified to define the Englishness of English art. This in my opinion betrays the fatal weakness of his attitude. In fact, of course, Dr. Pevsner *is* highly qualified to talk about English art, and particularly architecture. He has the thoroughness, the extraordinary memory for detail and the breadth of knowledge that has long been justly associated with German art scholarship, and now for the last twenty years he has been studying and working in this country. Yet he ignores all this and for some reason relies upon being ingratiating. This book reads like a plea to an improbably highly cultured immigration officer.

*Q.* Who is the greatest living sculptor?

*A.* Henry Moore. (*It is a questionable answer as Douglas Cooper pointed out. But it could be serious. The next question is worse.*)

*Q.* Who is the greatest eighteenth-century portrait painter?

*A.* Gainsborough is equal to anyone. (*Even to Goya, Watteau, David, Chardin?*)

*Q.* What are the characteristics of the English today?

*A.* Why, of course—Liberty, Democracy, Honesty, Fair Play, Patience and Wisdom "in letting go" in Ireland, India and Egypt. (*Egypt? That should have been altered in the proof-correcting.*)

*Q.* But admit, the English surely have some faults?

*A.* Well yes, they are a little old-fashioned in some respects, wigs in court, plumbing and so on. But their conservatism is not rigid. "In what other country," Dr. Pevsner continues admiringly, "could the uncle of the Queen be an active director of a public bank?"

The immigration officer, however, is a little suspicious of this reply, and wonders whether Dr. Pevsner is not laughing at the propriety of the Victorians. What do you think of the Victorian period?

Dr. Pevsner explains that it was a period of change and reform. "The reform acted from the apex of society downwards: a royal couple, genuinely fond of one another and leading an impeccably respectable married life, a Prince Consort intelligent, highly educated, industrious and conscientious, a new ideal of decency, fair play, high mindedness and gentlemanliness..." The interrogation could go on for pages. The flattery is depressing and shameful, but ironically it is also quite unnecessary, for what Dr. Pevsner does not seem to have realised about the English is that they love violent criticism. They don't usually act on it, but they enjoy listening to it: examples from Shaw to Gilbert Harding.

After these talks were broadcast there were grateful letters in the *Listener*, emphasising how much the writers had learnt from them. I do not deny the possibility of this. The book is full of facts about everything from medieval psalters to the New Towns; it is also full of ingenious

comparisons and qualifications. It is a veritable work-basket, full enough to make dozens of quilts. But its timidity, which is not the same thing as scholarly caution, prevents it from getting anywhere except to the conclusion that the English admire common sense, informal gardens, eccentricity, and are a bit prim about the human body. It has no central theme, and this I think was made absolutely inevitable by Dr. Pevsner's approach to his subject.

The Englishness of English art can only be explained by an historical examination of the development of English society. Only if one traces the changing relationship between art and society over a given period, can one begin to define the more unchanging national and racial characteristics. Dr. Pevsner rejects this historical method and instead takes arbitrary ideas such as that of "The Flaming Line," or the quality of Detachment, and then illustrates these with haphazard examples from any period that comes to mind. The result is like a conducted tour by a very learned but inhibited guide through an endless house that has had wings added in every century since the Norman conquest. One sees innumerable pieces, but never the outside historical pattern. And this leads to unnecessary mysteries. Hogarth respected money; Blake hated it. This does not reveal some strange polarity in the English character, but could be simply explained in class and economic terms even by a non-Marxist.

These talks were a waste of a great broadcasting opportunity, a waste of Dr. Pevsner's immense knowledge (a series straightforwardly on the history of English architecture might have sounded dull but could have been far more rewarding) and, of course, like all flattery they are finally an insult. If Dr. Pevsner really believes in English democracy and independence of opinion, why did he not speak with independence? He must know as well as the rest of us that we need more than the virtues of the Prince Consort to rebuild any kind of national culture from our present shambles.

JOHN BERGER

## The Men Who Were

**The Long Walk.** By SLAVOMIR RAWICZ. *Constable.* 15*s.*

**The Long Road Home.** By ADRIAN VINCENT. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Prisoner-of-war stories read in the dormitory after the 1914-18 war were most compelling yarns: some of those heroes seemed destined to be captured so that they could make their dramatic escapes. The bars of chocolate, the raw potatoes, the Plough, and that glimpse of the Swiss border through the pines and the falling snow. . . . But they were escaping from confinement. Since then men have escaped from death; from the gas chambers of Germany and the frozen mines of Russia. The stories are different.

It is important not to get these two titles mixed up. The first book is an astonishing story of endeavour, of a walk, through desert and over mountain ranges, of over 3,000 miles. The second is trivial. Slavomir Rawicz was a young Polish officer who was imprisoned by the Russians in November '39. After prison in Kharkov ("in pain and degradation they try to turn a man into a whimpering beast") he was sent to a Siberian prison camp—a three-month journey by train, lorry and on foot through the snow, men dying all the time.

And then in the spring of 1941 Rawicz, an American called Smith who had gone to Russia as an engineer to build the Metro, a Yugoslav, a Latvian, a Lithuanian and two other Poles, escaped and started off south. They were helped by the wife of the camp Commissar (and one wonders now, what has happened to her?). At Lake Baikal they met and took along with them Kristina, a seventeen-year-old Polish girl who had run away from a slave camp. Of the eight


# MACMILLAN
## SPRING BOOKS

## G. D. H. COLE

THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL. *A History of Socialist Thought*, Volume III (two parts). Covering the period from the formation of the Second International in 1889 to the breakdown in August, 1914. 70s. the two volumes

## THE REVOLUTION IN PHILOSOPHY

Seven distinguished contemporary writers discuss the development of philosophy in the last sixty years, largely in England, but also in Germany, Austria and America. 10s. 6d.

## OF WHALES AND MEN

R. B. ROBERTSON. "Enthralling. It bristles with odd characters, humorous incidents, out-of-the-way information." *Evening Standard.* 16 *plates.* 21s.

## RUMER GODDEN

AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS. "The writing is exquisite, miniature and exactly true to its subject." *Spectator.* "Beautifully told story." *The Bookman.* 13s. 6d.

## CENTURY OF A LIFETIME

R. T. JOHNSTON. "Excellent stories related with a literary polish which makes for easy reading. . . . Its quality was tested in a dentist's waiting-room, where the reviewer was able to give himself up to half an hour's laughter instead of painful anticipation." *The Cricketer.* *Illustrated.* 7s. 6d.

## THE LONG HAUL

MERVYN MILLS. London, in all its moods, is the backcloth of this striking novel about a long-distance driver who becomes involved in a powerful criminal organisation. 13s. 6d.

*Coming Shortly*

## RICHARD PARES & A. J. P. TAYLOR

ESSAYS PRESENTED TO SIR LEWIS NAMIER. Eighteen distinguished historians express their admiration for Sir Lewis Namier through a collection of essays. *Frontispiece.* 36s.

## A. P. RYAN

MUTINY AT THE CURRAGH. King George V, John Seely (Lord Mottistone), Lord Carson and Lord Balfour, among other important figures of the period, all appear prominently in this historic story now told for the first time. 8 *plates. About* 18s.

## FACING THE ATOMIC FUTURE

E. W. TITTERTON. The author presents the facts about atomic energy and atomic weapons in language which makes a clear understanding of the situation possible without a background of technical knowledge being required. *Illustrated. About* 21s.

**"The best account** yet published of what MacArthur was after. Nothing that has previously been written provides **so full and clear an account** of his principles and achievements."—Cyril Fall, *S. Times*

**MacArthur**

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J. W. AND ANN TIBBLE

**John Clare**

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**Mercedes Mackay**

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**HEINEMANN**


who set out to leave Russia, and indeed did cross the border into Mongolia, four died before they reached India, the young girl among them. Look at a relief map of that part of the world and draw a straight line from Lake Baikal across the Gobi desert and through Tibet and over the Himalayas to India due north of Calcutta; over the green, the arid dun of desert, the brown, the purple and the white of the mountains. It would be worth a book to travel it by jeep and helicopter.

In the Gobi desert the girl died; and Sigmund Makowski, aged 37, late of the Polish frontier forces. The others remained alive by lucky finds of water and by eating snakes.

When they reached Tibet the villages they went through and the lone shepherds they met fed them and sheltered them. The most heart-warming thing of the whole story is the glow of kindness and hospitality about the Tibetan part of the journey. The temptation to rest for weeks on end must have been tremendous: but they went on. Up over the mountains, terrified of the sleep that would freeze them to death. Then they met a patrol of Indian soldiers on a sunny morning when they had been without food for eight days; and at last were free of Siberia. Smith stepped forward and stuck out his hand. "We are very glad to see you," he said.

The horror and the bravery of the long walk is one thing: the horror and the bestiality that impelled it is another. At a time when another bland Russian is receiving hospitality from the British, one is reminded of Kipling's *The Man Who Was;* and the bland Russian officer who recognises the man—the English officer—from Siberia. This was not a long way off the journey *he* took: the journey that tens of thousands dream of making but who die as soon as the dream dies. The men and women who *were* must lie as thickly as tortured humans ever have done. Slavomir Rawicz's book is an engrossing story in itself: it is also a terrifying reminder.

*The Long Road Home* has nothing to do with going home. It is the record of the prison life spent by a rifleman in the Queen Victoria's Rifles who was captured at Creais. Nothing heroic here. Merely a tedious inventory of prison squabbles about food, cigarettes and the bribery of German guards—not to escape but to fornicate beyond the wire.

BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

## The Death of Optimism

**The Lisbon Earthquake.** By T. D. KENDRICK. *Methuen.* 21*s*.

The destruction of the city of Lisbon by earthquake in 1755 changed the mind of Europe. In our own time, the comparable event is the bombing of Hiroshima. A period of optimism, in both cases, comes to an end; and when we look at the writings of those experts in disaster, the professional moralists, we detect a note of pleasure or, at any rate, of relief that (in Voltaire's words) "*Le mal est sur la terre,*" once more. That enlightenment, optimism, the cult of happiness and content with the *status quo* should reign, as we are told they did in the first half of the eighteenth century, is felt to be an intolerable felicity. Here we have Sir Thomas Kendrick's subject. The Lisbon earthquake was the first major catastrophe to occur in Europe (some have rather wildly said) since the fall of Rome, and he has gone into the immense literature of exhortation which grew out of it and the controversies that followed, not only in Spain and Portugal but in Europe generally. London and Manchester had had minor earthquakes five years before, and so were ready with their theological and moral rescue squads. Two reflections are left with us when we put the book down. The first is that this must have been the last time when "the wrath of God" argument was used with complete conviction. The second is that Lisbon was one of those rare disasters which have provoked the writing of a great book. We are convinced that the earthquake was all it has been said to be, by *Candide*.

In the theological and political comedy that grew out of the Lisbon disaster, the clergy came out badly. They exploited terror, fostered remorse, traded on the rich supply of human guilt and tied themselves up in arguments which have racked the mind for centuries. Why does God send these evils? Why punish the godly and the sinner together? Why destroy Lisbon and let London continue its riot? And so on. The more intelligent and more sensitive clergy protested against the desire to make a quick moral profit out of the event; but in 1755 the argument that earthquakes have a natural cause was still young. Yet when we make an allowance for the state of knowledge at the time, we are still left with the sort of confusion that has arisen again in our own moralisations about Hiroshima. It is desirable that the clergy should be concerned with the cure of souls; it is undesirable that they should make the individual's concern for his own precious soul so hysterically selfish, that he will despise the well-being of his fellows. In Lisbon the effect of the hell-fire sermons was to interfere with the moral and physical rebuilding of the city. Common experience and the wise priests did eventually prevail: earthquakes are not the only evils in life. Once they had got over the shock, people realised that they had been in the habit of dealing with evils just as great every hour of the day. They were wise and more humane than the propagandists who had seized a splendid opportunity of exploiting their emotions. They knew—they had never had a chance of forgetting—that evil perpetually walks the earth. Wesley himself had said that there was nothing like a small earthquake for bringing people to God.

Sir Thomas Kendrick's book is rich in instances of good sense and folly, and (as I have said) the over-ready moralists come out badly. The Protestants were, of course, quick to say that God was avenging the innocents destroyed by the Inquisition. The practical and shrewd English sent relief to Lisbon, hoping by generosity to calm the restiveness of the Portuguese under our monopoly of their trade. The French looked for some way, in the confusion of the disaster, to cut us out. In the end, the sensible and courageous Portuguese behaved admirably in their suffering and people at last began to remember that there had been earthquakes in big cities before, in other countries. The apocalyptic faded out. But so had optimism. Or rather, so had optimism in the form of beatific stagnation. As for ourselves, when our minds go back to our own man-made catastrophe, we smile at the picturesque melodrama of dead opinion; and yet, after Hiroshima we have to listen to a good deal of the same thing. The "my-soul-first" school has been very vocal.

V. S. PRITCHETT

## "A Credit Till Us A'"

**The Russet Coat: Burn's Poetry.** By CHRISTINA KEITH. *Hale.* 21*s*.

"Poetry was not his forte." Maria Riddell's remark sounds absurd and presumptuous, but she was not only the most charming but the most intelligent of Burns's women friends. She felt that there was more in the man than ever came out in the poetry, that there was a force of mind and character for which the poetry was not quite a sufficient outlet. She meant also, more conventionally, that he was a very "unpoetical" kind of poet. Miss Keith's book, written in a breathless, slapdash prose, and full of patches of silliness and prejudice—but full, also, of extremely penetrating examinations of individual poems—might be considered as a prolonged sermon on Maria Riddell's text. Miss Keith is bothered, chiefly, by a certain fundamental earthiness or stolidity in Burns. His moon—she quotes Ruskin—always rises over the Cumnock Hills. He has neither a feeling for natural beauty, a sense of the past, nor an awareness of the mystery of things. His poetic world is, in its essence, his social world. His great quality and his great limitation as a poet is a sane, exact, humorous

superficiality. No great poet, she feels, has ever been so much at ease within his own world, and no great poet, either, has ever groped so little beyond or beneath it.

Thus, for Miss Keith, Burns is perhaps primarily a master of Horatian as contrasted with Juvenalian satire—of the kind of satire that springs from an at once affectionate and slightly contemptuous familiarity with a limited social scene, from an ironical sympathy. This is true even where, as in *Holy Willie's Prayer*, the effect of Burns's satire is explosively destructive. Holy Willie is built up from within, not demolished from outside. Burns is a master also of the verse epistle; and Miss Keith notes shrewdly that in his epistles he shows a more delicate grasp of the nuances of friendship than he ever shows in his lyrics of the nuances of love. Like so many Scots, he was essentially a man's man; his attitude to women a mixture, on the whole, of swagger, good nature, appetite—and unaffected gratitude for the gratification of appetite—and a tenderness that could too easily decline into sentiment or sentimentality. It is only in Scotland, Miss Keith thinks, that he could have been accepted as a great poet of passion, and this is because since the Reformation woman, in Scotland, has been kept so firmly "in her place." Yet Miss Keith notes proudly that he never managed to seduce a gentlewoman. (I suppose one could say that he almost but not quite seduced Clarinda; and that Clarinda herself was almost but not quite a lady.)

The virtues of Burns's style, Miss Keith notes, are those virtues which poetry can share with prose: rapidity, compression, exactness. She notices how few metaphors and similes there are. The famous similes of *Tam O'Shanter*, which Dr. Edwin Muir admires so much (and on which he based an argument against Lallans), Miss Keith dismisses as "the cool, nay, frigid English of a low-toned obligato"; adding that it is only when we get back to Scots again,

> Nae man can tether time or tide,
> The hour approaches Tam maun ride—

that "the verse wakes up to life." But she is sensible about the language, pointing out that Burns rarely uses a very dense Scots, that he himself described the language he was aiming at in his songs as English with a sprinkling of Scots, or with a Scots colouring. She is as good on the songs as anyone I have read. Burns's greatness as a song-writer sprang, she thinks, from his Highland trip, which familiarised him with strathspeys and reels. He always mastered a tune before he began to compose words for it, and the tune inspired the words. His habit of composing while riding to and fro on his excise duties helped him to give his songs the clearest and simplest outline, to cut out all surplusage. "Complexity" is one of the great cant words of poetry-criticism today, and it is refreshing to have Miss Keith insisting that the virtue of a song is simplicity. "Gae Fetch to Me a Pint O' Wine" is flawed for her by the third stanza, about war, which is not only a piece of empty rant in itself but "cuts across the original theme and destroys it." Similarly, what is marvellous about *Auld Lang Syne* is that so much is made of so little: "No song in the world, it may be said, rests on fewer ideas (and certainly none simpler!) But there's a miraculous skill in the play of them—the past—we twa— and the drink."

Burns's simplicity is his universal quality. *A Man's A Man for A' That* has "dynamite in it still" because it embodies permanent human aspirations in "clear and telling" language. Yet, for all Burns's greatness, Miss Keith wishes we Scots had not made him our folk-hero; too many strands in our character, wanderlust, homelust, the passion for argument and information, the sense of the fey, are simply not in his weave. He stands for some central element of earth in us, but not for our air or fire. I find Miss Keith's main thesis, indeed, very persuasive, and only wish she had expounded it more persuasively. *The Russet Coat* is a good book, wilfully badly written, and terribly untidily arranged.

G. S. FRASER


André Maurois — VICTOR HUGO

'Monsieur Maurois has handled this story with his accustomed frankness, precision and delicacy... He is a professional biographer, and to my mind the most gifted biographer writing in any language today... I cannot praise too highly Mr. Gerard Hopkin's translation ...it is a delight to read.' *Sir Harold Nicholson* in the OBSERVER.

**The Book Society's Non-Fiction Choice for March** *Illustrated* 30s.

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'A simple and restrained account of the young king, under the virtual regency of Mazarin, and of Marie, plainest and cleverest of the Cardinal's nieces, prevented by his strenuous foreign policy from becoming Queen of France.' THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. *Illustrated* 16s.

IAN FLEMING — DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

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'Concerns, nominally, the smashing of an international diamond smuggling ring... the remarkable thing about this book... is that it is written by an Englishman. The scene is almost entirely American, and it rings true to an American. I am unaware of any other writer who has accomplished this.' RAYMOND CHANDLER in the SUNDAY TIMES. 12s. 6d.

Sheila Kuban — DANCE INTO DANGER

'There are some good accounts of life among the top brass in the Kremlin'
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
'A thrilling story that is more than a thriller... a remarkably fine piece of work.' DAILY MAIL
13s. 6d.

Elizabeth Jane Howard — THE LONG VIEW

'A richly rewarding novel, which combines wit and sensibility in a most unusual degree.' OBSERVER
'A beautifully written and richly perceptive novel. Miss Howard has a gift for epigrammatic dialogue; she cuts to the heart of motive or relationship with delicate precision.'
DAILY TELEGRAPH. **Reprinting again** 15s.

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W. R. Loader — THE GUINEA STAMP

'Mr. Loader's excellent short story, *The Guinea Stamp*, deals with life in a West African university college... Mr. Loader has an eye for the absurd as well as the tragic aspects of a situation.' OBSERVER 13s. 6d.

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'It is like reading a fictionalised account of what we read daily in the newspapers. Everyone interested in the future of our territories should read it, LISTENER
'A kind of serious thriller, most adroitly written... highly readable and sharp in observation.'
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'Full of assurance, an expert's job, quite without the gaucheries and the hit-or-miss experiments of the usual beginner's novel. It is also strikingly original and personal... he may do great things.' OBSERVER 13s. 6d.

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'There is enormous vitality about Mr. Trevose's Tooting and about his sense of the restlessness and the wonder of city life.' SPECTATOR
'A promising novel... powerfully atmospheric.' THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT 15s.

*all prices are net*

Jonathan Cape

# A Selected List of Spring and Summer Books

THE books listed below are a selection from those which have been announced for publication between March and October 1956. For reasons of space, we have had to leave out some titles announced for this period, as they have already appeared in our selected list of last autumn. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

## Art and Architecture

FREDERICK ANTAL: Fuseli Studies. *Routledge.* 50*s.*
BERNHARD BERENSON: Lorenzo Lotto. *Phaidon.* 63*s.*
LILLIAN BROWSE: William Nicholson. *Hart-Davis.* 45*s.*
PAUL GANZ: Holbein. *Phaidon.* 42*s.*
WILLIAM GAUNT: Arrows of Desire: William Blake and His World. *Museum Press.* 18*s.*
WALTER GROPIUS: The Scope of Total Architecture. *Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
HENRY JAMES (Ed. J. L. SWEENEY): The Painter's Eye: Essays. *Hart-Davis.* 20*s.*
PIERRE LAVEDAN: French Architecture. *Penguin.* 5*s.*
A. W. LAWRENCE: Greek Architecture. *Penguin.* 45*s.*
W. R. LETHABY: Architecture, Nature and Magic. *Duckworth.* 15*s.*
JOHN ROTHENSTEIN: Modern English Painters: Lewis to Moore. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 35*s.*
EDUARD SEKLER: Wren and European Architecture. *Faber.* 63*s.*
O. VON SIMSON: The Gothic Cathedral. *Routledge.* 42*s.*
ALLAN TEMKO: Notre Dame of Paris. *Secker & Warburg.* 42*s.*
A. R. WILLCOX: Rock Paintings of the Drakensberg. *Parrish.* 70*s.*

## Autobiography and Reporting

MICHAEL ALEXANDER: The Reluctant Legionnaire. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*
JAMES BOSWELL (Ed. FRANK BRADY): Boswell in Search of a Wife. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*
JEAN COCTEAU: Paris Album, 1900-1914. *W. H. Allen.* 16*s.*
AIDAN CRAWLEY: Escape from Germany. *Collins.* 16*s.*
R. O. DUNLOP: Struggling with Paint. *Phoenix.* 18*s.*
NEGLEY FARSON: A Mirror for Narcissus. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*
B. J. GOULD: The Jewel in the Lotus: India, 1911-1940. *Chatto.* 21*s.*
SIR HARRY LUKE: Cities and Men, 1924-1954. *Bles.* 25*s.*
PIERRE MENDÈS-FRANCE: The Pursuit of Freedom. *Longmans.* 18*s.*
J. TUDOR REES: Reserved Judgment. *Muller.* 18*s.*
REGINALD REYNOLDS: My Life and Crimes. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*
CLARE SHERIDAN: To The Four Winds. *Deutsch.* 25*s.*
CAITLIN THOMAS: Left Over Life to Kill. *Putnam.* 18*s.*
THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR: The Heart Has Its Reasons. *Michael Joseph.* 30*s.*

## Biography and Letters

IAN ANSTRUTHER: I Presume: H. M. Stanley. *Bles.* 18*s.*
FLORA ARMITAGE: The Desert and the Stars: T. E. Lawrence. *Faber.* 25*s.*
CHARLES BEATTY: Ferdinand de Lesseps. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* Unpriced.
JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN: Dylan Thomas in America. *Dent.* 18*s.*
H. A. N. BROCKMAN: The Caliph of Fonthill. *Werner Laurie.* 21*s.*
MAX BROD: Heinrich Heine. *Vallentine Mitchell.* 30*s.*
J. M. COHEN: Ludwig Mond. *Methuen.* 22*s.* 6*d.*
DANIEL CORY (Ed.): Letters of George Santayana. *Constable.* 50*s.*
MALCOLM ELWIN: Landor. *Macdonald.* 30*s.*
MARGARET 'ESPINASSE: Robert Hooke. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*
ST. JOHN ERVINE: Bernard Shaw: Life, Work and Friends. *Constable.* 50*s.*
JOAN EVANS AND J. H. WHITEHOUSE (Ed.): Diaries of John Ruskin. Vol. I. *Oxford.* 70*s.*
H. & A. GERNSHEIM: Daguerre. *Secker & Warburg.* 42*s.*
G. P. GOOCH: Louis XV. *Longmans.* 28*s.*
H. MONTGOMERY HYDE: Oscar Wilde in Prison. *Methuen.* 21*s.*
A. A. LUCE (Ed.): Letters of George Berkeley. *Nelson.* 30*s.*
MARGERY PERHAM: Lugard. *Collins.* 42*s.*
M. C. DU PERRON: Princess Mathilde. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*
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# Hope No More

THE nineteenth century travelled hopefully. We have arrived. Everyone is prosperous, secure: television sets and second-hand cars firmly embedded as a cost-of-living. The will of the people prevails at every general election—a will no doubt accurately expressed in a precise balance between two equally ineffective parties. Keynesian principles guard us against every economic ill; and now the hydrogen bomb, it is said, guards us against war. We are in the earthly Paradise. The only price we have paid is to cease to believe in it. Progress has been the great casualty of our age. There is no longer a MacDonald to hold out the prospect of "up and up and up and on and on and on." There would be no audience even if a new MacDonald appeared. To recapture the belief in Progress we must return to the twenty-five years before the first World War, years in which European civilisation reached its zenith. These years were exactly spanned by the Second International, the subject of the third volume in G. D. H. Cole's *History of Socialist Thought**. Its thousand pages present a theme now remote and unsympathetic—futile debates, empty phrases, barren and impotent leaders. Yet there was in it deep tragedy—the tragedy of disappointed Hope and the greater tragedy of Hope Fulfilled.

In Cole's earlier volumes there were few Socialists but much thinking. In the present volume there is a great Socialist movement and virtually no thought. Take away Rosa Luxemburg, and everyone—reformist or revolutionary, Fabian or Bolshevik—scrabbled over phrases, while throwing his real energy into winning votes or enlisting members. All were convinced that the victory of Socialism was inevitable and that it would be achieved in a democratic way. The German revisionists and English Fabians indeed held that the victory would be imperceptible: there would be no precise moment at which capitalism ended and Socialism began. The orthodox continued to believe in "the revolution." There would be at some point a jerk, a change of gear, when the Socialist commonwealth could be acclaimed. But for them, too, the revolution was simply part of an inevitable process; in democratic countries it would be little more than the appearance of a Socialist majority in Parliament. Even in countries not yet democratic—Germany in particular—the revolution would be political, not economic: the Social Democrats would insist on a change in the constitution once they got a majority, and thereafter Socialism would flow inevitably on. Kautsky, the high priest of Marxism, laid down in *The Way to Power* that the secret of success lay in doing nothing: the longer the Social Democrats sat tight and allowed their supporters to accumulate, the greater and more irresistible would be their triumph when it came.

The greatest handicap of the Social Democrats was their adherence to the Marxist scriptures. Their adherence was selective. They suppressed or ignored Marx's advocacy of violent revolution; and therefore clung the more obstinately to his economic analysis. This was not surprising. Marx saw more deeply than any previous observer; but he drew from the Lancashire textile industry generalisations of world-wide application. The capitalists would grow fewer and richer; the workers poorer and more numerous. In the end there would be nothing in between. Hence the working-class party would inevitably become "the democracy" by the mere passage of time. The prophecy worked satisfactorily until just before the first World War. Then the German Social Democrats realised that their rate of increase was grinding to a stop, as that of the British Labour Party has now done. The insoluble dilemma was approaching: do we abandon Socialism or Democracy? The Bolsheviks, never having enjoyed Democracy, were to choose Socialism; others, doubtful in any case about Socialism, preferred to wait for the majority that never came.

This was not the only gap in Marx's teaching. He had always promised to provide the equation demonstrating the collapse of capitalism; but he never found it and for this reason left the second volume of *Capital* unfinished. He had nothing to say about the peasants except that they must be destroyed. Later Socialists have improved on this only by proposing (as Lenin did) that the peasants should be gulled until the moment for their destruction arrived. Again Marx had no answer to the national question except that it did not exist: "The workers have no country." The German leaders of the Second International interpreted this to mean that, since they had achieved their national freedom, the other peoples of Central Europe should be delighted to become Germans also. When this bargain failed to attract, the "Austro-Marxists" of Vienna invented the legend of the Habsburg Monarchy as a great Free Trade area, an International in miniature; and their example has been loyally followed by Socialist enthusiasts for the British Commonwealth in our own day. The Second International was a combine of master-nations, secure in their own rights and bewildered by the claims of others. Even more striking, the International was a purely European affair with a solitary Japanese representing nobody. The few Socialist parties outside Europe were the work of immigrants and usually faded away with the second generation. Professor Cole includes a chapter on China for the sake of Sun Yat Sen. But it is modelled on Johnson's chapter on snakes in Iceland: there was no Socialism in China. In this the International reflected the universal assumption of the time. Europe was civilisation; therefore no Socialist movement could flourish outside it.

The Second International carried belief in Progress to its highest point. Progress was both the inspiration of Social Democracy and its ruin. Marx shared with Samuel Smiles the belief that if men pursued their material betterment persistently enough Utopia would arrive. The only difference was that Marx preached this doctrine to the working class instead of to the entrepreneurs. But the principle was the same: demand higher wages, shorter hours, and International Socialism will be here in no time. The Social Democrats discovered to their confusion that the workers, having secured high wages and shorter hours, now demanded wages still higher and hours still shorter and that Socialism was further off than ever. This outcome affected the Social Democrats themselves. Once the German Social Democrats had built up a gigantic party-machine for class war, they shrank from using it for this or any other purpose. The party bosses came to regard themselves as the purpose of the party machine long before the Russian Communists made the same discovery. Ebert, Viktor Adler, or Arthur Henderson might well have said: "We are all Stalinists nowadays."

The same law operated between nations. The peoples of Europe had once been oppressed. By the end of the nineteenth century they were living on the plunder of the rest of the world as they still do. The more hard-headed Social Democrats proposed that the workers should enter into a junior partnership with their own capitalists for the exploitation of others—a line taken by some German Social Democrats during the first World War and by Ernest Bevin in England after the second. Most Socialists shrank from the cynicism, but they were not altogether at a loss. The Fabians, in particular, were delighted to demonstrate that the exploited peoples were being plundered for their own good. They differed from their rulers only in holding that the Powers should not run into conflict as to which should shoulder the greatest share of "the white man's burden." The international "consortium" was a happy invention before the first World War; the international "mandate" an even happier after it. The Second International held fast to its high principle: fair shares, at any rate for the Big Brothers.

Imperialism landed the Social Democrats in the problem of war, much to their surprise. Marx had given them no warning. He had blamed capitalism for being too pacific, not too warlike. The capitalist of Cobden's day had refused to fight the great war of liberation against Russia which Marx passionately advocated. Even now the Social Democrats went on dreaming that the magnates of finance would pull off a great merger at the last moment. Still they tried to discharge their responsibility. The Second International discussed the problem of war again and again. It laid down a simple truth: the workers could prevent war if they wished to do so. But suppose they did not wish to prevent war, what then? Viktor Adler gave the answer in 1914 when he supported Austria-Hungary's attack on Serbia the moment that the crowds in the streets of Vienna demonstrated in its favour. It is often said that the World War ruined International Socialism. A more careful reading of the record shows that it was the other way round; and here Carl Schorske's detailed examination of German Social Democracy† supplements and corrects Professor Cole's shorter account. The Second International was already torn wide apart before the crisis of 1914. If it had possessed the unity and strength even of ten

* *The Second International.* Vol. III of *A History of Socialist Thought.* By G. D. H. COLE. *Macmillan.* 2 vols. 70s.

† *German Social Democracy 1905-1917.* By CARL E. SCHORSKE. *Oxford: Harvard.* 45s.

years before, the outbreak of war would have been impossible. Success ruined the Social Democrats. They thought that it was essential to be on the winning side; for, by definition, Progress means simply the side that wins. Things are much easier now that Progress has come to an end. Who cares about Success? Right is still Right though the heavens fall. And, by the way, the ones who stuck to their hopeless principles got Success as an unlooked-for bonus. Lenin achieved supreme power; the German Social Democrats never got anywhere. The more ruthless, extreme, and uncompromising your politics, the greater will be your reward in this world as well as in the next. A most consoling conclusion, though not perhaps for the Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

# Cage-bird

**Birdman of Alcatraz.** By THOMAS E. GADDIS. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

This is a very extraordinary story, in some ways tragic and unbearably harrowing, in others strangely encouraging. Its subject, Robert Stroud, now aged sixty-five, is an American convict who has been in prison since 1909 and in solitary confinement since 1916. During part of this time he has made himself a really considerable scientific authority on cage-birds and their diseases. His feats remind me of that most resourceful of all prisoners, Dumas's Abbé Feria in *Monte Cristo*—Edmond Dantés' mentor in the Chateau d'If; but Feria was already a learned man with a fully stocked mind when he entered prison, whereas poor Stroud has had to acquire most of his education inside.

Stroud is one of those congenitally unlucky men whose harsh and quite undeserved fates almost incline you to take an astrological view of life. Awkward, lonely, left-handed, the son of parents who had just come down in the world, in 1909 he was scraping a living in Alaska as an itinerant storekeeper. The woman he was living with was raped by a former lover. Stroud shot him and was sentenced to 12 years for manslaughter. In 1916, in Leavenworth Penitentiary, he stabbed and killed a guard who had unquestionably been persecuting him. In 1920 his death sentence for murder was finally commuted by President Wilson to life imprisonment.

The bird study began soon afterwards when he picked up a maimed sparrow in the exercise yard, took it back to his cell, mended its broken leg with a match-stick splint. Then he had the idea of breeding canaries and begged a pair from another prisoner; he made a cage for them with infinite difficulty, cutting a soap box into slivers with a razor blade. He fed them with his own rations, chewing and regurgitating until he had a suitable pulp for their delicate digestions. The Warden took a sympathetic view and Stroud was allowed to keep more birds. Now comes the really remarkable part of the story: when an epidemic of disease broke out among his canaries Stroud studied it intensively, dissected corpses with his finger nails, and evolved a cure for the notorious "septic fever" to which cage-birds are subject. His scientific intuition seems to have guided him almost unerringly and his bacteriological speculations were confirmed by microscopical work. He became a recognised authority and was allowed by the prison authorities to correspond with bird fanciers and ornithologists. His *Digest of Bird Diseases* became a standard work.

If only this were all the story you could put it down and bask in a specious glow of optimism. This, you could say, is an example of the principle that a man of sufficient integrity and determination can triumph over any circumstances, however adverse. But there were more and more atrocious vicissitudes to come. The authorities hardened their hearts and decided that it was preposterous for a lifer to keep cage-birds. Stroud fought them, helped by his mother and a widow named Della Jones with whom he had corresponded and whom he married by correspondence—having characteristically discovered that this was legal under the terms of the Louisiana Purchase which applied to the territory on which Leavenworth Penitentiary was built. The resulting publicity baffled the authorities for a time; Stroud was allowed to carry on his researches more freely than before and was permitted to use a microscope sent him by a biologist. Suddenly in December, 1942, he was transferred to Alcatraz, minus his birds, books and microscope.

In Alcatraz he undoubtedly had a calming influence on the other convicts during the big mutiny of 1946; he studied law as a substitute for ornithology and went on campaigning doggedly for his rights. But when the authorities frustrated his researches into the Federal Penal system it was the last straw; he tried to commit suicide. Judging, however, by a letter that he wrote in 1954 to an eighty-year-old bird fancier, one of the three people allowed to correspond with him, his mind is still strong:

> We have known each other a long time, Fred. We have always got on well, which just goes to show that we are not such old cranks as some people would make us out to be. *I wish you could read French, Fred.* I would have you read *Le Voyage* from *Fleurs du Mal* by Charles Baudelaire. The translation loses the flavour. This fellow was very bitter at life, and he had reason to be, but it was that very bitterness that made him one of the greatest poets who ever lived. . . .

Mr. Gaddis has told his story with much sympathy and in very great detail. His opening chapters are rather full of magazine-writer's clichés, but most of these are shed by the time Stroud gets to Leavenworth.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

# So Little Time!

**Race and Politics in Kenya.** By ELSPETH HUXLEY and MARGERY PERHAM. (New and revised edition.) *Faber.* 25*s.*

**The Gold Coast in Transition.** By DAVID E. APTER. *Oxford: Princeton.* 40*s.*

**New from Africa.** By JOHN HATCH. *Dobson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Nyasaland.** By FRANK DEBENHAM. *H.M.S.O.* 25*s.*

The common reader should realise, even though the famous man (or woman) on the spot won't or can't, that being born in a country does not make one its oracle. Keeping that truth in mind, this duel of letters between Mrs. Huxley, born in Kenya, of a family notable for its active interest in the welfare of both black and white, and Miss Margery Perham, once Reader in Colonial Administration and now Fellow in Imperial Government at Nuffield College—thoughtful, hard-hitting letters exchanged between March 10th, 1942, and August 10th, 1943: a searching exposition explaining why Kenya came to be the way it is—takes on the interest of watching a championship fight. For both of these women are top of the bill: both love Africa and know it widely; and Miss Perham has seen as much of Africa as has Mrs. Huxley, from both District Commissioner's *boma* and tent. This is a most valuable (if not altogether comforting) book to have republished at this juncture—and the 66 additional pages are hot enough to make Lord Lugard spin in his grave. That greatest of all African administrators wrote the introduction to this controversial book when it was first published in 1944, and said frankly: "both are aware that I share, in general, Miss Perham's views." So do I. Having annotated nearly every page of this work, in copious re-readings, I will lean as far towards Miss Perham as the proprieties permit.

Miss Perham writes to Mrs. Huxley (Letter 2, March 15, 1942): "Your *White Man's Country*, apart from its direct interest, is certainly the best apologia for white settlement that has been written, while *Red Strangers* is an astonishing exercise of sympathy and imagination on behalf of the Africans." So they are. But, in the opinion of this writer, Mrs. Huxley has been too conditioned by a glorious childhood in Kenya's most majestic scenes ever to forget the "white man's Africa" that once was. Whereas Miss Perham, though writing from the scene at home, does not, although she strongly touches upon it, strike hard enough at the apathy and lack of interest in Whitehall, which, it must one day be admitted, has been largely responsible for Kenya's woes.

The cost and treatment of *The Gold Coast in Transition*, place it outside the interest of the average reader. It is a clinical study of the transition from a tribal dependency to parliamentary democracy. It is written by an American (David Apter is an assistant professor of political science at Northwestern University), and, therefore, as might be expected, is refreshingly free (perhaps too free) from any inhibitions about the white man in Africa administering a Blessings-of-Civilisation Trust. It poses, and attempts to answer, such questions as: How effective is democracy in an area where it is foreign? What happens when political structures which have been developed for many years in one culture are reconstructed in a place where they are not indigenous? Is it possible to break through the traditions and superstitions of chieftaincy? All questions of paramount importance. Yet it is a scientifically reasoned work—which should be read in conjunction with a study of living and lively Africans, such as Joyce Cary's *Mr. Johnson*.

Mr. Hatch's book is slight (only 123 pages) but not superficial. The writer is the Commonwealth Officer of the Labour Party, and says frankly that he went to Africa as British Labour's envoy—therefore, cannot be blamed if the interpretations he gives of African aims and hopes place too great value, as he sees it, upon the African's eagerness for a return of the Labour Party to office in Westminster. The value of this brief tour of Africa lies in its honesty and sound judgments and the fact that it is probably the latest picture we have of Dr. Nkrumah and the Governor, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, co-operating for a happy and successful transition to self-rule in the Gold Coast: Michael Blundell, the liberals' white hope among Kenya settlers: Tshekedi Khama (the almost-forgotten man): Sir Andrew Cohen who was (as those of us who had dealings with him well knew) one of the best men the Colonial Office ever had, now Governor of the politically and psychologically puzzling emerging kingdom of Buganda. Fair, candid, and up to date: of Kenya, Mr. Hatch reports—after saying some pleasant things—"One has only to talk, as I did, to some of the European elected Members in the Legislative Council to realise what an unbelievable fools' paradise they are still living in." A Warning from East Africa.

Professor Debenham's *Nyasaland* seems to mark something new, imaginative, and very hopeful from H.M. Stationery Office. This is not a White or Command Paper, but a full, beautifully brought out, beautifully illustrated book—written by a man whose very name assures eager reading. For here is a case where the author's personality must be taken into account in connection with his books. Frank Debenham was the geologist of Scott's Antarctic Expedition (1910-13) and has written an endearing account of that comradeship between men in the Polar ice: his most recent book, *The Way to Ilala*, is one of the most revealing books of David Livingstone ever written: it shows Livingstone for what he was—the first and greatest geographer that Africa below the Equator has ever known. Frank Debenham knows Nyasaland well; loves, and is capable of describing, every lovely scene, lovable animal, man—lovable or otherwise—in what is still an African paradise.

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# Trams and Taxis

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**Victor and the Vanquished.** By P. B. ABERCROMBIE. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Listening Child.** By ROSEMARY TIMPERLEY. *James Barrie.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

**Up Jenkins!** By RONALD HINGLEY. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Bach and the Heavenly Choir.** By JOHANNES RÜBER. Translated by MAURICE MICHAEL. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Am I alone in feeling a bored exasperation, a stifled urge for freedom and fresh air, a kind of *Lucky Jim* sensation, when faced with Roman Catholic novels? Ideally, the Catholic world—even the clerical world—contains and considers all aspects of experience: but in most of these books the whole dazzling spectrum is subdued to a single palette, and the prevailing mood is that of the seminary or the cosy Catholic family. Sniffing the air for the strong scents of humanity, one breathes instead the odour of tobacco and breviaries, of soutanes and incense, of all the revered paraphernalia of priests, vocations, chastity, sainthood, miracles, sin, providence, and superstition. What's more, one misses the essential moral content of an uncommitted novel, in which events and personalities modify the author's ethic during the course of the story. Every Catholic novel, fundamentally, is morally prejudged—"not a taxi or bus, but a tram." Graham Greene's sometimes run off the rails: Antonia White's are skilfully camouflaged: François Mauriac's are upholstered in sumptuous plush. But if even they can't escape the fell touch of orthodoxy, it's hardly impugning M. Roger Lemelin's talents to say that *In Quest of Splendour* is both made and marred by its Catholic allegiance. Written in racy French-Canadian, and translated into deft Canadian English, it describes the adventures of a poor scholar, training for the priesthood with the aid of clerical funds, but taunted and tempted by low and high society, drifting into crime, lumberjacking, a spot of virtuous blackmail, and almost into adultery—before the final scenes shuffle him swiftly back to virtue and the *Grand Séminaire*. Much of this has the vigour of Dos Passos with the brooding earnestness of Mauriac: there are good portraits of priests, and a genuinely exotic flavour. But a final impression of smugness survives one's surface enjoyment; and when solemn young Pierre at length leaves his love sobbing on the bed, and sets off for the seminary in quest of "calm happiness," I myself felt that he and his creator were not merely mistaken, but wrong.

From predetermined trams to free but standardised taxis. The rest of this week's novels are efficient and workmanlike, honest and averagely subtle: all they lack is the erratic individuality of the private car. Miss P. B. Abercrombie's third novel is a gem of its kind—an acid sketch of a young man on the make in the snob world of art curious. Victor of the title is (admirably named) Victor Roffey: "the vanquished" is his own term for the shabby failures who share his dull mistress's duller boarding-house. One of them, a refugee from Hungary, he persuades to carve statuettes which he peddles to leisured and frustrated *grandes dames*. With Eldorado in sight, fate swings its inevitable black-jack; and Victor, very satisfyingly, is taken to the cleaners. The venom of this portrait perhaps implies some *simpliste* sentimentality, a flaw of moral vision. But the ending has a kind of wry compassion which might be a consoling afterthought—though to me it looked like the bold incongruity of truth.

Miss Timperley's world, perhaps more personal, is more conventionally rendered. In these three short novels she creates with much skill an atmosphere of macabre possibilities, where dreams and fears fade into reality, and the imaginings of childhood are harnessed to the adult themes of ghost stories, possession, hauntings by the dead. In this she resembles an English Shirley Jackson: but in some technical respects she fails to convince. Her suburban backgrounds are less credible than her evocations of school; and her non-supernatural story, "Child in the Dark," a study of a girl's sadistic father, is more successful than her ghosts.

Finally, two owner-drivers whose vehicles have some unusual features. The first is Ronald Hingley, who in *Up Jenkins!* has produced an almost successful blend of spaceship and London taxi. This is a faintly perfunctory and largely comic novel about the totalitarian future, when England is divided by an Iron Curtain in the Midlands, and Prescribed Reaction Tests are given to all suspect elements. Moments of horror tail off into farce and Magoo comedy, interspersed with genuine satire, and ending with what might be called a *deus ex diabolo*. The second bizarre entrant is Johannes Rüber, whose *Die Heiligsprechung des Johann Sebastian Bach*, published two years ago, has now been neatly translated into English. The German title gives the show away: it concerns the canonisation of Bach by a broad-minded Pope in the immediate future. Like *Hadrian the Seventh*, it has the odd interest of documented fantasy; but although its theme alone ensures that it's a taxi rather than a tram, for unrepentant secularists who aren't especially musical it's rather a breathy session with the denizens of Vatican City.

RICHARD MAYNE

Even the joys of Spring
are not complete without good reading
and that you can get best from

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# City Lights

## Gold Bricks and Comic Strips

It was not heavier imports of dollar coal and steel which caused last year's violent drop in the gold reserve. Britain's larger dollar deficit was exactly offset by the larger dollar surplus of other sterling area countries. The net loss of gold and dollars was due entirely to currency transfers; it was a result of transactions with other parts of the world—chiefly Western Europe—and it was made possible only by the steady hardening of the E.P.U. currencies and the steady progress of the pound towards convertibility.

Convertibility, fortunately, cuts both ways. Now that the position is slowly improving and the possibility of devaluation receding, the pound is in demand. The deficit with E.P.U. is slowly disappearing and sterling has been strong, particularly since the announcement of the end-March gold figures. The two "free market" varieties of sterling have done particularly well: transferable sterling has been above the lower limit for the official variety, and security sterling has been hovering around it. The firmness of the first suggests that there is now beginning to be a shortage of sterling, not only in Europe but in the whole non-dollar world, and that there may soon be some benefit from the reversal of the speculative positions built up last year. Nobody is now selling transferable sterling for dollars: some countries are actually doing the reverse. The firmness of security sterling is largely a reflection of U.S. buying in the London stock market. With Wall Street prices getting steadily higher, more and more U.S. investors are turning to London. The movement is still relatively small. But it is enough to keep up the high prices of certain favourite shares (like Bowater Paper), to produce interesting distortions (making Shell cheaper than Royal-Dutch and Burmah than British Petroleum), and to send prices soaring when the rumour of a U.S. take-over attempt gets about: the latest example is Beralt, the Portuguese wolfram producer.

* * *

It is certainly an achievement to have anything left to say after editing the *Economist* for 18 years. Geoffrey Crowther has maintained his paper's tradition, not only by spreading his valedictory message out to a couple of pages but by slipping into it one of the more sensible comments of the week. Both political parties, he points out, now accept responsibility for the country's economic well-being and seem confident of their ability to discharge it; but the post-war boom has been a result of circumstances rather than of policy, and neither party has been particularly successful in dealing with the problems it has created. "What real reason is there to suppose that the degree of success will be greater when, some day, through a shift in the wind, it is once again the forces of deflation against which a government finds itself battling? We may not inconceivably find ourselves back in the position of the Thirties, and both sides, when in turn they have broken their teeth on the problem, may be ready to accept much more modest ideas about their ability to control the weather."

It is a gloomy thought. But there is nothing necessarily permanent about the post-war avalanche of reconstruction, rearmament and economic cold war, whose fruits, like those of a win on the pools, have been largely dissipated. Nobody, least of all the unions, really believes in any government's ability to control circumstances; their mistrust can be seen in the apparent exaggeration of the reaction to short-time working, and comic-strip white papers will do little to remove it.

On one front, however, the crust of lazy complacency looks like cracking. The events of the past year have convinced even the Forsytes that the monetary system needs bringing up to date. The subject has been discussed at some length in the *Banker* and the *Lloyds Bank Review*, and it

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is encouraging that both writers seem prepared to admit the need for change. So far the discussion has been limited to the question of variable liquidity ratios for the commercial banks; it needs to be broadened to include the use of Bank Rate, funding issues and Treasury Deposit Receipts, the function of the discount market, the borrowing and lending rates of the banks, the whole management of the national debt, and the control of non-banking institutions. Perhaps a joint Anglo-American productivity team could be sent to watch the workings of the Federal Reserve, whose operations are widely publicised, understood and criticised. The readiness shown by the "Fed" to experiment with new techniques, and the success it has had in using them, is probably something to do with the fact that only one-third of each member bank's directors have anything to do with banking.

TAURUS

# Week-end Competition

## No. 1,363

**Set by G. W. Stonier**

It's a pity that characters from very different novels cannot meet: for example, Raskolnikov and Elizabeth Bennet. The usual prizes are offered for a revealing scene between these two, or any other two disparate figures from fiction. Limit 150 words; entries by April 24.

## Result of No. 1,360

**Set by Giles Overeach**

In an attempt to find the ideal Sunday newspaper reviewer, who shall combine all the qualities of a Nicolson, a Mortimer, a Connolly and a Toynbee, the usual prizes are offered for the first 150 words of a composite article effortlessly mingling these four highly individual styles. The book under review is *Addictions* by Graham Greene. Invention or paste may be used.

**Report**

I am too prim by nature to be attracted by the brutal and licentious, nor can I enjoy backstairs heroism. I am hostile to inverted sentimentality as well as imperceptive to gnomic truth . . .

Mr. Graham Greene's imaginary *opus*—essays, novel, autobiography?—proved far too strong meat for the majority of Sunday reviewers. Most competitors failed sufficiently to distinguish the four mannerisms: Nicolsonian urbanity had a tendency to shade into Mortimerian sweet reasonablesness ("It is, in the Horatian sense, a little over-ripe . . ."), while a glut of *mystiques*, *Angsts* and *accidias* made the confusion between Messrs. Toynbee and Connolly worse confounded. Two guineas each to M. H. and A. M. Sayers, and a guinea each to Amy Hollins and Guy Hadley. Runners up: E. Timperley, Edgar Caton, J. R. Till and Gwen Foyle.

I have not reviewed a novel in these pages for ten years for the simple reason that for ten years I have been *writing* one which is now very nearly unfinished.

I wonder what Gissing, that strange, dedicated man, would have made of Graham Greene. I wonder what he would have made of *Addictions*; which provokes me to wonder what he made of De Quincey. Questions such as this trouble the bookish; and the answers often amaze.

Sparrow, the sanitary engineer *manqué* of Mr. Greene's new book, floats with the fog uphill from Chalk Farm . . . He must aim to miss the crisis, as usual, he thinks; he is afraid to seem ridiculous; afraid to give pain to the child whose knees are severely grazed from the long drop over the convent wall. His obsession with *la crise de quarante ans* strikes a spark in the reader of my generation. But how Esmond Romilly would have hated this book.

Which leads me again to wonder what Lord Curzon, that splendid, emotional man, would have made of Graham Greene . . .

M. H.

I was educated in a society—now strangely outdated—which disapproved of addictions of any kind. It possessed certain old-world graces, but would perhaps have been the richer for some of the ideas that agitate our contemporary novelists. Mr. Greene's "addictions"—even those of which he approves—may not be to everyone's taste, but then some of us would be hard put to it to justify our idiosyncrasies, even if we were willing to confess them; to venture no further, I should find it embarrassing to have to defend my peculiar *gourmandise*. Let me admit that the pattern that emerges from these essays convinces by its very audacity and breadth; it has a comprehensiveness that in both the secular and the religious sense may be described as Catholic.

A famous ambassador once remarked to me, "I can tolerate everything except bad manners," and it is perhaps on this score . . .

A. M. SAYERS

Only pedants will disapprove of books dealing with vice or religion which are written by men of true experience and published in a form and at a price within reach of the common reader. Moreover, by setting his story, *Addictions*, under Aegean skies, not only does Mr. Graham Greene recall our own youth but he thereby sets an undeniable seal of authenticity on the whole.

Here is the outcast, hungering for locoweed. We like this because we are used to it, because other authors cannot do better, and because this revelation of man's childhood, man's sex-life, man's dreams—is no longer repellent or shocking.

His hero goes the whole hog with an empty-headed creature whom most of us could hardly endure for a week-end.

Myself, I can swallow and relish even this, and respect Mr. Greene the more for his audacity in making such an uncomprising start.

AMY HOLLINS

I remember visiting Delos with Balfour and discovering the supple, relentless power of the carved lions. Balfour, thirsting for iced champagne, turned away murmuring: "Guilty but insane." I suspect this is also Mr. Greene's verdict on mankind.

Nobody can accuse him of the Biedermeyer approach (and haters of Biedermeyer will enjoy his assaults on social prettiness); how, pointful, for instance, when he compares Lady Godiva (he might have added Lady Chatterley) with Madame Bovary.

Mr. Greene writes as a Catholic intellectual who warns us against false and fashionable Catholic intellectualism. His scientific pessimism about human nature and its instinctual urges is enhanced by familiarity with razor boys and Dr. Kinsey.

But to anyone who likes his Greenes, that word "Addictions" is a tinkling symbol. A writer equally at home in the Boar's Head or Boar's Hill ought to shun a title from Hampstead.

GUY HADLEY

# The Chess Board

### No. 335. Grand Old Hypermodern

The contradictory headline is significant for the trend of chess-history, for since the "hypermodern" idea of dominating rather than occupying the centre in the early stage of the game—since that school of thought was all the rage in the nineteen-twenties it has been gradually assimilated and safely incorporated into the inexhaustible resources of the game. But when those ideas still meant a revolutionary upheaval of the "Tarrasch-School" one of the most outspoken of those "hypermodern" firebrands (along with Nimzowitsch, Reti, Breyer and others) was Saviely Tartakower. He too mellowed with the times and came to be a very wise old man, deeply knowledgeable about the foibles of chess and a good many other subjects. Yet, he never quite lost the exuberance of his youth, it seeps through many of the games and books he left us for future generations to enjoy. But what makes his recent death so sad for those of us who knew him, is the undeniable fact that he was one of the most lovable of chess-masters, and certainly the wittiest. Here—played in a simultaneous performance in Paris, 1933—is a little game with a finishing touch worthy of Tartakower-ian wit.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-K4 | P-K4 | (11) | QKt-K4 | B-KB1 |
| (2) | Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 | (12) | Kt x BP | K x Kt |
| (3) | B-B4 | B-B4 | (13) | Kt-Kt5 ch | K-Kt1 |
| (4) | P-Q4 | P x P | (14) | P-KKt4 | Q x P(B3) |
| (5) | O-O | Kt-B3 | (15) | R x B | Q-Q1 |
| (6) | P-K5 | P-Q4 | (16) | Q-B3 | Q-Q2 |
| (7) | P x Kt | P x B | (17) | R-K7 ! | Kt-K4 |
| (8) | R-K1 ch | B-K3 | (18) | R x Kt | P-KR3 |
| (9) | Kt-Kt5 | Q-Q4 | (19) | R-K7 | resigns |
| (10) | Kt-QB3 | Q-B4 | | | |

Significant also for its witty finishing touch, but even more so for Tartakower's incisive style is the game he won against Prins at Zandvoort, 1936. Anyone venturing a gambit against Tartakower would have found him in a countersacrificial mood rather than prepared to snatch bits and pieces.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-KB4 | P-K4 | (11) | R x B ! | P x R |
| (2) | P x P | P-Q3 | (12) | Kt-B3 | Kt x Kt |
| (3) | P x P | B x P | (13) | P x Kt | O-O |
| (4) | Kt-KB3 | Kt-KB3 | (14) | Q x P | R-K1 (best) |
| (5) | P-KKt3 | P-KR4 | (15) | Q-Q3 | Kt-Q2 |
| (6) | P-Q4 | P-R5 | (16) | Kt-Kt5 | Kt-B3 |
| (7) | P x P | Kt-K5 | (17) | B-K6 ch | K-R1 |
| (8) | Q-Q3 | B-KB4 | (18) | Kt-B7 ch | K-Kt1 |
| (9) | B-R3 ! | B-Kt3 | (19) | B-Kt3 | K-B1 |
| (10) | R-Kt1 | Q-K2 | (20) | Kt-R8 ! | resigns |

(14) . . R x Kt would have been refuted by (15) B-K6 ch, R-B2. (16) B-Kt5, Q-K1. (17) P-R5 etc.

A: S. Tartakower 1928

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Tartakower (Black) played Kt-KKt5. His opponent rashly countered B x B. How was he forced to resign next move? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively) are both wins for White, the latter being akin to, but more elaborate than Lasker's one and only (and all the more famous) endgame study. Usual prizes. Entries by April 23.

B: G. Bernhardt 1952

C: N. Kopajev 1951

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

### No. 332. Set March 24

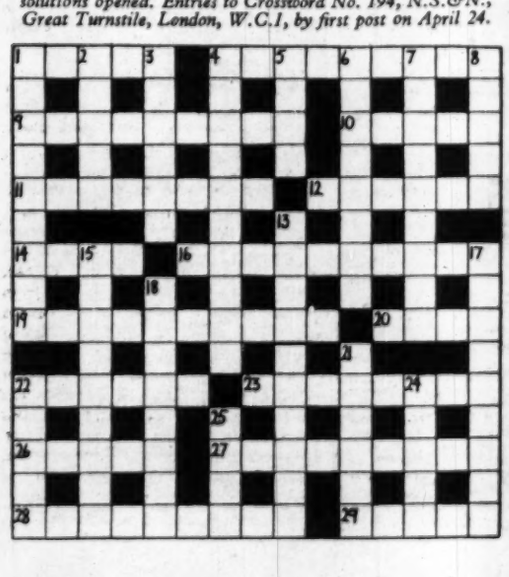
A: (1) R-Q3!, Kt-K8! (2) R-Q1!, B x Kt. (3) R x Kt ch, K-Kt7! (4) R-K4!! B-B3. (5) Kt-B2! and wins.
if (4) . . .B-B6. (5) Kt-Kt3! etc.
(4) R-K8? is refuted by (4) . . . B-Q5! and (4) R-Q1? by B-K4! (1) R-Q1 ch would merely draw after . . . K-Kt7. (2) Kt-Kt6, B-B6! (2) R-K3? would be refuted by . . .Kt-B7! (3) R x P (R x BP), Kt-Q5!.
B: (1) B-K5! P-Kt7. (2) B-K4, P-R7. (3) P-R6! Kt-Kt3 ch. (4) K-R7, P-R8=Q. (5) B x KtP, Q-R7. (6) B-Kt1! Q-B2. (7) B-Kt6, Q-R7. (8) B-Kt1, Q-B2. (9) B-Kt6, Q-K2. (10) B-B6, Q-R6. (11) B-Kt2, Q-K2. (12) B-B6 etc.
(1) B-K4 is refuted by . . . (P x P. (2) B x P ch, K-Q2
if (1) . . . P-R7. (2) B-Kt4 ch, K-Q1. (3) B-K6 and draws
if (2) . . . P x P. (3) B-B5 ch, followed by K x P.
C: (1) Q-B8 ch! K-R7! (2) Q-B2 ch, K-Kt8! (3) Q x Kt, Q-Kt1 ch. (4) K-Q7!! Q-Kt2 ch. (5) K-Q6! (K-K6?), Q-Kt1 ch. (6) K-K6, Q x P. (7) B-Q2 ch, Q-B8. (8) B-K3 ch, K-Kt7. (9) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R8. (10) K-K7!! and wins.
(9) . . . K-R7 would also lead to mate by (10) B-B4 ch. etc.
(1) Q x Kt? would be refuted by . . . Q-Kt1 ch, followed by Q x P.
if (1) . . . K-Kt7. (2) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R7! (3) B-Kt3 ch, K-Kt7. (4) B-R4 ch, K-R7. (5) Q-Kt3 ch, K-R8. (6) Q-B3 ch, K-R7. (7) B-Kt3 ch, K-Kt8. (8) Q x Kt ch, K-Kt7. (9) Q-Q3! Q-Kt1 ch (10) K-B7, Q-B2 ch. (11) K-Kt6, Q-B3 ch. (12) K-Kt5, Q-B4 ch. (13) P-B5 etc.
D: (1) Kt-Q4, Q-QB4 ch. (2) K-Kt8(Kt7), Q-Kt3 ch. (3) K-R8! P x P. (4) R-Q1?! Q-R4. (5) R-Kt5!! P x R ch. (6) K-Kt7 etc.
(1) P x P? or R x P? would be refuted by . . .Q-QB4 ch.
If (3) . . . P-R4. (4) Kt-K6 ch, K-Kt1. (5) R-Q8 ch, K-B2 (R2). (6) Kt x P, Q x KP. (7) P-Q7 and the P cannot be stopped.
If (3) . . . P-B4. (4) Kt-K6 ch, K-Kt1. (5) R-Q8 ch, K-B2 (R2). (6) Kt-B7, P-B5. (7) P-K4, Q-B3 ch. (8) K-Kt8, Q x KP. (9) P-Q7 etc.

It is quite a compliment for the prize-winning entries of our competition that they appear to be the toughest lot of studies ever set in this column. Some of our crack-solvers got very near most of them and dropped a few points only on one or another, but no one got it all without a flaw. This week's prize-fund will be held over to augment the bounty of subsequent competitions.

ASSIAC

# Week-end Crossword No. 194

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 194, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on April 24.*



### ACROSS

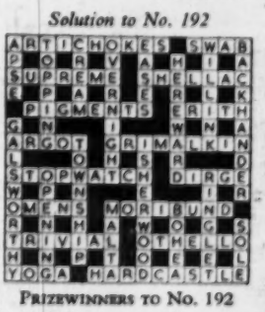
1. Homer pursued by a soldier for a dog (5).
4. For half an hour the navy plays dances (9).
9. "Kubla heard from far —— voices prophesying war!" (Coleridge) (9).
10. Overhead result of striking for a rise (5).
11. Cries the tortured unorthodox make (8).
12. Perform in evening dress in a warehouse (6).
14. Drinks for children (4).
16. Results when I take part in Wembley matches (10).
19. Considerable leaps when plot values are revised (4, 5).
20. Indian town like a market place with nothing missing (4).
22. War material showing that part of the race in humanity is backward (6).
23. Death by water means the end of the race (8).
26. Piece of literature which has a translator in America perhaps (5).
27. The account to be paid is swelling (9).
28. Churchman who has to study in bed (9).
29. Vertical deviation (5).

### DOWN

1. The tutor to stay where one may board (9).
2. Speedster overturning the vehicle at the start (5).
3. Little photographs in groups (6).
4. He was a believer in change but the age enters a modification of his cult (10).
5. One thing about the brook would be exciting (4).
6. Mountain-climbing stimulant of a philosopher (8).
7. In trying to demonstrate the truth approval is stimulating (9).
8. "Auld Hornie, ——, Nick, or Clootie" (Burns) (5).
13. Don't eat your hat, Tyson (4, 6).
15. Senseless communication (9).
17. The dons are about to vindicate a cleaner (9).
18. Decide how much it's worth starting to wash up (8).
21. Sharpens up games (6).
22. Sound with its alphabetic representation like a liquid (5).
24. "A soldier's life is terrible hard," she said (5).
25. I try to get a lot at the same place (4).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 192*



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 192

*D. I. R. Muir (Cobham), W. I. Morgan (Cardiff), H. W. Bridger (London, N.12.)*

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

THE Durham Colleges in the University of Durham. Board for Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor for Extra-Mural Studies. The appointment will date from August 1, 1956, or such other date as may be arranged. The salary attaching to the appointment will be £650 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to a maximum of £1,350 per annum, together with the benefits of the F.S.S.U. Scheme and Family Allowances. The Staff Tutor will be required to teach one or more of the following subjects: Philosophy, Sociology, Psychology. Applications (three copies), stating the subject or subjects offered, and giving the names of three referees, should be sent not later than April 21, 1956, to the Secretary, 38 North Bailey, Durham, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Applications are invited for 2 Lectureships in Education with salary £A1,300/£A1,750 p.a. (i) Specializing in methods of teaching English. Applicants should have an Honours degree in English and should have had experience of teaching English in Secondary Schools. (ii) Specializing in methods of teaching Modern Languages. Applicants should possess an Honours degree or higher degree in Modern Languages and should have had experience in methods of teaching Modern Languages in Secondary Schools. A post-graduate degree in Education would be an added advantage. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in Australia and London on April 21, 1956.

TRAINED Social Worker required for Family Service Project in Melbourne, Australia. Casework with small group of families on lines of Family Service Units. Salary range £A800-1,000. Group worker also required. Fares to Melbourne paid. Interviews in London. For further information write to "Social Worker," c/o Agent-General, Victoria House, The Strand, London, W.C.2.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Humanity. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in the Department of Humanity. Salary Lower Scale £700 × £50 to £900 p.a.; Higher Scale £950 × £50 to £1,350 p.a., with placement according to exp. & qualifications, and with superannuation benefit and family allowance where applicable. The successful candidate will be expected to take up duty on October 1, 1956. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, together with the names of 2 referees, should be lodged not later than April 20, 1956. John MacPherson, Assistant Sec. to the University.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires suitably qualified and experienced persons for engagement as Child Welfare Officers. Duties include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption supervision, after care and other field work associated with deprived children. Salary £599 5s rising to £775 10s. For details and application form, apply Children's Officer (CH/E1), County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date, May 1, 1956. (620.)

LONDON County Council requires assistant home help organiser for duty in first instance in an area of either Central or North London, energy and ability to manage staff required. Previous expce. in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary: £493 10s. × £35 5s.—£634 10s. commencing according to quals. and expce. Pensionable post Applcn. form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 3, 53 Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1. Closing date April 28. (511.)

CITIZENS' Advice Bureaux: (a) staff required for Central London. Training given, three months of which is on unpaid basis. Salary when trained £435 × £15 to £525. Candidates should have Social Science qualifications. (b) Holiday Relief Staff; June to September. Secretarial qualifications and experience in C.A.B. or Case-Work. Apply in writing C.A.B. Liaison Officer, Family Welfare Assn. 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. S.W.1.

TRANSLATOR Temporary—Chinese. Government Department. Must have thorough knowledge of Chinese and of English. Duties involve translating in summary form or in full documents and publications of semi-technical nature. Must hold a British or Commonwealth passport. Salary within scale £320 10s. at age 18, £538 10s. at age 25, rising to maximum of £815 for men. Slightly less for women plus extra duty allowance at present 3% of salary. (Starting pay not tied rigidly to age.) Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates) to BY 941, London Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour & National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, W.C.1, by April 21, 1956. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires General Programme Producer in North Region, based at Leeds, to produce or assist in the production of general programme output including particularly items of topical or magazine nature. Good educational background and informed knowledge of Northern counties essential: ability to devise and write scripts desirable. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. max., but initial appointment may be on lower grade. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting Reference "1661 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth (Co-educational "Progressive" school of established reputation and standards; 210 Boarders, 150 Day Scholars). The Headmaster invites applications from men and women who share the educational ideals of the school for the following September staff appointments: (1) Senior Chemistry; (2) Senior History; (3) Senior English; (4) Junior School class teacher with special interest in Art/Handicrafts. Burnham Scale, Government Superannuation.

THE Labour Party invites applications from fully qualified shorthand-typists for work at Party Headquarters. Good speeds, accuracy and an interest in the Labour Movement essential. Salary according to scale. Applications giving full details of qualifications and experience to Mr. Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1, by May 4, 1956.

A BOOK publisher has an interesting vacancy in the editorial and production departments for a girl who is willing to take an interest in the work and is a shorthand typist. Age 18-25. Write or 'phone Mr. J. Mitchell, Readers' Union, 20 Irving St., W.C.2. Trafalgar 3582.

VOLUNTARY educational organisation requires secretary/shorthand-typist, also office junior. Apply in writing to Organising Secretary, Council of Christians and Jews, 162a Strand, W.C.2.

POLITICIAN (Socialist) reqs. educated housekeeper-assistant run house London. Morning help. Typing exp. adv. Box 3727.

SECRETARY/sh.-typist. Interesting work. Bloomsbury. 5-day week. Box 3605.

PUBLISHERS req. exp'd. book-keeper/typist (m/f). No Sats. Please apply Sec., Phaidon Press, 5 Cromwell Place, S.W.7.

TYPIST/Book-keeper, morns., perm. Favil Press, 152 Kensington Ch. St., W.8.

GUILD of Gloucestershire Craftsmen offers interesting part-time appointment as secretary to manage gen. business of Guild. Sal. £150 p.a. and exps. Write for dets. Gen. Sec., Community House, Gloucester.

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand-typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

JEWISH organisation requires experienced English-German shorthand-typist/secretary. Interesting work. Box 3819.

SECRETARY reqd. by small Social Work organisation. Typing & correspondence; money raising, book-keeping. Varied duties. 5-day wk. Sal. by arrangement. F.S.U., 36 Colville Terr. Kensington, W.11. BAY. 6357.

INTERESTING and congenial position in London, retail business of good standing. Good English, typing and figure work essential. Applicant must have high standards of service. Opportunity for well-secured investment if des. Age, details career. Box 3752.

SPECIALISED Publishers require secretary for Managing Director. Good s/h. & typing essential, some bus. exp. des. Age 20-30. Write giving full details to Box 3852.

SEC., sh./hnd., intell., exp. adminis., 25-35, to be right-hand person small (engn.) office, closed Jewish hols. Box 3807.

CENT. Board for Conscientious Objectors. Gen. assistant for clerical & other duties. Person able offer only pt.-time service may be suitable. 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

SECRETARY aged between 25-35 for Senior Engineer, salary £11 a week. Five-day week. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. WEL. 4559.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

£6-£12. Interesting posts. Call at once. Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke Street, W.1. MAYfair 6626.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MALE Arts Grad. (38), sgle., sks. congenial work. Industrial exp., Accounts, Costing, Statistics. Sometime State Scholar. Chess half-blue, T.U. Branch Sec. Box 3492.

LADY (25) mar., univ. educ., fluent French, organising and social work exp., typing, sks. interesting post, London. Box 3590.

GERMAN/English secretary, both shorthands, exp. politics, engineering, chemical, sks. resp. post. Box 3756

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

SECRETARY sks. evening work. Sh./typ., bookkeepg., languages. Box 3507.

## PERSONAL

FRENCH girl, 18, seeks au pair job, July, in or near London. Box 3624.

FREE ride London-Falmouth area, June 30, return July 13, for help on journey with 2 children. Box 3646.

YOUNG man with extensive knowledge of films and filming requires free-lance documentary script-writing. Wide interests, commentaries, anything considered. Box 3579.

MUNICH or Zagreb, two seats available outward trip, May. Box 3629.

FOREIGN girl required beginning May as mother's help in University Lecturer's family. Box 3616.

TWO seats available Land-Rover Vigo (Spain) May 18 leisurely to Interlaken. Box 3694.

YOUNG foreign lady welcomed as paying guest in Hampstead flat. Box 3542.

INFORMAL music/literary group meeting April 15, 29. Mrs. Dunn, HAM. 8109.

SEASIDE camping holiday for children over 11. Aug. 3½gns. p.w. Particulars Tony Gibson, 52 Elsworthy Road, N.W.3.

CHILDREN'S Hotel for seaside holidays. Sandy beaches, picnics, outings, etc. Every care. Thanet House, 11 Reading St. Rd., Broadstairs. Thanet 62547.

COSTA Brava (Blanes) Villas & Flats to let. May & June ½-price. Fortnights poss. Dets. Dr. C. Cooper, Burgess Hill, Sx.

FRANCE: Dordogne. 15-day camp tour, dep. June 9. Details s.a.e. Box 3844.

PAMPELUNA Fiesta: 15-day camp tour, dep. July 7. S.a.e. Box 3610.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Tossa, Torremolinos (Malaga), Portugal (Ofir). A 15-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these finest Mediterranean Paradise holiday resorts or to Portugal on specially advantageous terms, thanks to forward contracts. Prices from 44gns. all inclusive of air fares, board and accommodation. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise to Corsica and Majorca for only 65gns., and a France-Spain leisure tour embracing the French Pyrenees, Andorra, Tossa, Barcelona and Montserrat for only 54gns. Elkan Allan, the B.B.C.'s armchair traveller, writes: "I went on a Horizon holiday myself last year. My honest advice is that if you're considering going to any of the places mentioned—and they are all wonderful places—the best plan is to go with Horizon Holidays." See why. Write or 'phone for 52-page lavishly illustrated colour brochure with 5 maps, to Dept. 4S, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

PAINTING Holidays for amateurs and beginners. Yugoslavia, Italy, Mallorca. Painting in atmosphere of unspoilt beauty and pleasant company. Cost includes expert individual tuition, 1st cl. hotels and travel. 39gns. Fully incl. 15 days. Brochure B. Croll, A.R.C.A., London Atelier of Painting, 13 Queens Gdns., W.2. AMB. 0849/4749.

POSITANO Art Workshop 1956 session May 15-Sept. 15. Ideal art holiday in internat. artists' colony S. Italy. Studio classes in painting and drawing, sculpture, textile design., jewellery-making & mosaics. Box 2914.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA. Portugal, Hungary, Turkey and 18 other countries. Send stamp Holiday Friendship Service, 48 Dalston Lane, London, E.8.

PALMA by air August 12 to 26. £45 all-in. Locarno, Merano-Dolomites, Vienna, Opatija at other dates. Fortnight £33 to £42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

SPAIN by air or escorted by rail and coach. Free guide and programme from the specialists: New Vistas, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. (Mol. 2105).

THREE Economical Tours of Italy. (1) Florence, Perugia, Assisi, Rome, 15 days, £54 17s. 6d. (2) Venice, Bologna, Riccione, Milan, 14 days, £48 10s. (3) The Rivieras, Florence, Venice, 14 days, £56 17s. 6d. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHAncery 6436/7.

COSTA Brava and Majorca. Plenty of accommodation available. Apply: 2 Church Place, Jermyn St., London, S.W.1.

NORWAY. Conducted Coach Tours. 12 days Oslo & the Fjords, 41gns. Many others. Also attrac. 2-centre holiday. Mountains and Fjords, 15 days, £42 10s. Programme: Contours, Ltd. (N.S.), 72 Newman St., W.1. MUS. 6463.

GO where the sun is shining. On Austria's warmest lake in Poertschach Woerthersee at hotel with own beach, from 27gns. Four Seasons Travel, Ltd., 49 Dover Street, London, W.1. Tel. GRO. 7853.

ITALY, Adriatic Riviera. 14-day holidays (Rimini, Riccione, or Cattolica) with free visit to night spot in San Marino, from 27gns. incl. Wonderful beaches and 10 excursions (Assisi, Venice, Urbino) to choose from, inc. 6-day coach tour to Rome via Florence & Assisi. Sunwards, 3 Wheeler St., Cambridge.

AU Pair Fgn. students (male), des. bd./lodg., pkt. money; now/summer. Suggs. welc. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

## PERSONAL—continued

HOLIDAY with Y.T.C. A non-profit organisation offers superb holidays at exceptionally low cost. By air Oslo 14 days, 40gns. Cannes 15 days, 44gns. Rome 15 days, 41gns. By air & coach, Lake Garda 12 days 30gns. Send for our free illus. brochure containing full dets. of these & other wonderful hols. Y.T.C. Universal, Ltd. (Dept. NS), 27 Queens Gdns. London, W.2. PAD. 4070.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA 14 days £48 inclusive. Also exclusive holidays in Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, the Soviet Union, Bastille week in Paris £21 10s. inclusive. Send 2½d. stamp for details to: Dept. NS6, Progressive Tours, Ltd., 100a Rochester Row, S.W.1.

SPAIN-Barcelona & Tossa. Last 2 weeks Sept. Hotel near beach. Lively mixed group. Details from Spain Travel, 58 Camden St., N.W.1.

SPRING Holidays: enjoy spring flowers and sunshine with one of our parties at reduced early season rates! Our arrangements include Whitsun parties in Britain, Amsterdam, Majorca, Venice and on Lake Garda, spring flower holidays in Austria (May 19, June 3, 15 and 16), in Switzerland and Northern Italy (June 9) and inexpensive sunshine holidays on the French Riviera (May 26) and on the Balearic Islands (May 13 and June 17). Inclusive costs from 19gns. Erna Low, 47(C) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

INEXPENSIVE Mountain Holidays. The Savoy Alps, grouped around Mont Blanc, are a holiday ground with breath-taking views, superb air, magnificent walks and excellent food at most reasonable prices. Perfect for a "different" summer holiday. Full list of hotels & inclusive prices from the French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

FRENCH girls seek posts in English homes. Domesticated, can look after children, cook, etc. Service International D'Echanges, 22 Farndon Road, Oxford.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

WRITE for Profit. Send for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—the ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1 gn.-5 gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Tel. Wivelsfield Green 232-233.

FRENCH for Conversation. Intensive courses beginners/all grades. The Mentor, 11 Charing X Rd., W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre. 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

BURGESS Hill School Camp. In Jugoslavia Aug. 1-29. Incl. price 30gns. Boys & girls 11-18. Applics.: Headmaster, 11 Oak Hill Pk., N.W.3. HAM. 2019.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Cheanakov, 48a Cathcart Road, S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

HOSPITALITY & extra care for the aged & for convalescence. Lovely house and garden; cen. htg., drawing-rm. HAM. 2281.

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HYPERTENSION relieved through new therapy. Relaxing and stimulating nerve treatment. Osteopathy, Massage, Manipulation. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Wel. 9600. Ask for brochure.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

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YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in three months with Setogni, or your fees refunded. 'Phone WEL. 4221 or RIC. 3286.

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P.S. Peerless French! Painless German! Sweatless Spanish! may be acquired at Summer Schools in Lausanne, Vienna and Barcelona which are, indeed, almost (but not quite) costless. Apply to Harold Ingham, Ltd., 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, Middx.

### LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

SELF-Education & Adult Studies: an External Study Seminar, May 4-6, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

GREGG Intensive Crses. Day/Evg. French Gregg. Frances King Secretarial Schl., 1a Harrington Road, S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

LEARN Touch-typing in 1-2 months. Private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 7967.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginners' crse. all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn St., W.C.2. COV. 0754.

### SUMMER SCHOOLS

ST. PETER'S Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery. Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon; send a card for Summer Handlist (week-ends & holiday courses). Checkendon 221.

ANGLO-German Summer School, Königswinter on the Rhine, August 18 to September 1, 1956. Travel and accommodation for 14 days at total cost £38. Lectures, discussions, visits. Details from and applications to Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Joseph Cowen House, 153 Barras Bridge, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 7 to Sept. 14, 1956. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance.

BIG Wood landscape painting course under the personal supervision of John Nash, R.A., and Carel Weight, A.R.A. June 2-16. Limited numbers. £8 8s. p.w. inclusive. Applications to W. Docker-Drysdale, Park End, Radley, Abingdon, Berks.

HOUSE Party Holidays. Enjoy a varied and informal holiday with excellent opportunities for foreign language practice. Our "House Party Leaflet" will give you full details of our International house parties by the sea in Britain (Sussex, Cornwall and Wales), in Sweden, Austria and Switzerland. Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

### SCHOLARSHIPS

A LIMITED number of scholarships for Music, Drama, Ballet and the Arts is being granted to British students by the French Government for ten months' study in France beginning October, 1956. Applications should be sent to the Cultural Attaché, French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, S.W.1, not later than April 20.

### TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc. Editing by expd. writer. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware Middx. STO. 6020.

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MABEL Eyles Dupl. & Secr. Agency, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701. Staff wtd./supplied. All printing, duplicg./typg. (Reports, price lists &c.)

EXPERT Dupg./Typg. Theses, MSS., Plays. Miss Stone 446 Strand TEM 5984.

TYPING. MSS & Theses expertly typed. Specialists for obscure handwriting. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1 Tel. MUS. 7379.

NOVELS, theses, plays &c. expertly typd. Sutton, 1 Durham Pl., S.W.3. FLA. 7967.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, Abbey House, 4 Victoria St., S.W.1. First-cl. typg., duplcg., theses, testims., &c. ABB. 3772.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 5809.

TECHNICAL Translations, German, French expertly done. Chopra, 11 Westbourne Terrace, W.2. AMB. 6316.

### BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

FILM production costs in U.S.S.R. (V. Vasiliev); Soviet Wide-Screen Films; T.V. news. Soviet Film Information Bulletin, Vol. 3, No. 1. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

HISTORY of Soviet Psychology (J. McLeish); Laws of Psychology (G. S. Kostynk). Soviet Psychology Information Bulletin, Vol. III, No. 1. 1s. 6d. (1s. 9d. post free) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

PROKOFIEV'S "War & Peace" (Gliere); Contribution to pre-Congress Discussions (Khachaturyan); New Shostakovich Concerto (Sabinina), etc. Soviet Music Information Bulletin, Vol. III, No. 1. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

FROST-Resistance & Winter Hardiness in Plants; Magnetic Field in Interstellar Space; Underwater T.V., etc. Soviet Science Information Bulletin, Vol. 3, No. 1. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, or bookshops.

### BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

MUSIC you prefer when you prefer it with European Radio. Programme details of 25 continental stations with articles and pictures about the music and musicians. Fridays, 6d. Bookstalls/Newsagents. Or Eurap Publishing Co., Ltd., 137 Blackstock Road, London, N.4.

ALDERMAN Fred Henderson on his 90th birthday writes on "British Labour & the Soviet Union." Sancho Panza writes his satire, "N.A.T.O.—Fact or Fiction?" on the 7th anniversary of the Atlantic Pact. R. Palme Dutt on "The Vision Splendid." All in the April "Labour Monthly," from all agents 1s. 6d. Or by a half-year postal sub. 9s. from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

MONTHLY Review.—An independent Socialist magazine. Discusses with clarity and simplicity of style the development of socialism all over the world. Edited in New York by Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy. Annual subscription 25s. London Representative, P. B. Price, 48 Balcombe Street, N.W.1.

ARE you taking evening classes or a course in German? If so "German Pronunciation" by W. L. Wardale (Edinburgh University Press) is an indispensable guide to correct pronunciation. From all booksellers, 6s.

CONTINENTAL Holidays. Maps and Guides for Austria, Germany, Italy, Spain, etc. List on application. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd., 10 Bayley Street, W.C.1.

FOR sale, vols. I-VII incl., also vol. IX, "New Statesman." Exc. cond. Box 3715.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat, R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

WTD. Borkenau, Bukharin, Rosenberg, James, Trotsky; bks./pamps. Box 3178.

FICTION magazines. Back numbers wanted. Hobsbaum, 139 Piccadilly, W.1.

WE buy libraries, review copies, Penguins, "book-clubs," books, pamphlets any language on Socialism, C.I., Russia. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

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NATURE Cure from the Inside, by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

HOUSING Law in U.S.S.R. W. S. Sedley. Soviet Legal Information Bulletin, Vol. 3, No. 1. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

### MISCELLANEOUS

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### PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

COMFORTABLE furn. cottage, 5 rms., gdn., gar., elec., avail. Apr., May 4-19, May 26-June 15. In attract. hamlet betw. Quantocks & Bristol Channel. Terms by arr. Grubb, Huntercombe Place, Henley, Oxon.

S. CORNISH Coast. Furn. s/c. wing of convtd. farmhse., 2 bedrms. (1 dble.), bthrm., liv-rm., kt. etc. Mod. cons. Own ent., garage. Long let 3gns. p.w. Box 3520.

PLEASANT s/c. furn. flat wanted for 2 overseas visitors from April 26. Cent., pref. w. gar. Mod. rent. Box 3531.

REQUIRED, furnished flat 3 rooms, k., b., etc., preferably Regents Park, St. John's Wood, Highgate. Box 3503.

TWO or 3 lady teachers seek furnished flat, any district. FRE. 7600.

### ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner opt. Moderate.

HAMPSTEAD, 2 well-furn. div.-rms. in friendly hse., use k., b., frig., tel.; suit 2 from May-Oct. 5gns. weekly. Box 3521.

HAMPSTEAD. Divan r., gay and freshly decorated. View garden. Conveniences. Would make cosy home for lady. £3. 'Phone for details. HAM. 7428.

1 or 2 sing., well-furn. rms., quiet 1st-fl. flat. Belsize Park Gardens. PRI. 2354.

LGE. comf. b/s rm. quiet house Hampstead Garden Suburb, nr. buses. SPE. 7684.

### ACCOMMODATION, ETC —continued

HIGHGATE Wds. Lge. attract. 1-room flatlet, beaut. equip. & furn. C.h.w., use frig. 50s. wkly. MOU. 5196 after 6.

SPACIOUS b/s. room in private house, suitable teacher or professional woman. 2 minutes Streatham Common Station. 12 minutes Victoria. 39s. weekly. STR. 7107.

MAN offd. rm. in anr.'s flat L'caster Gate, din./kit., ph., bth. 2gns. Box 3853.

HIGHGATE, close tube. Luxury sgle. divan-rooms, new contemporary furniture, use k.b., etc. 50s. & 63s. MOU. 9610.

NEWLY dec. sing. bed-sitting rm. Ascot basin. Service. Quiet. S. Hampstead. Ready Apr. 13. £2 12s. 6d. MAI. 2954.

STUDIO flat to let furn. August. 1. double, 1 single bedroom. Overlooking famous Thames view. Lambert, 128 Richmond Hill.

YNG. prof. woman or similar wtd. to share pleas. flat 1 other, Highgate. Own large newly-dec. divan room. £2 7s. Box 3569.

HEATH at Hampstead. Lge. furn. rm., use kit., tel., bath. Also single. Box 3650.

DELIGHTFUL unfurnished rooms now available in warm Manor House. Good service. Lovely grounds with individual plots available for residents. Reas. terms. The Grange, Goring-on-Thames, Reading, Berks.

CARAVANS to let. Two 4-berth. (1) Nr. Seaford-Eastbourne. Lovely downland walks. (2) Nr. Folkestone, quiet sandy beach. Not free August. Box 3730.

YOUNG lady reqs. small furn. flat, or would share with another. Box 3630.

### WHERE TO STAY

KENWYN, 29 West Cromwell Road, Earls Court, S.W.5. Convenient all parts. B. & b. 16s. 6d. (30s. double). FRE. 1000.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers plentiful and imaginative food, centrally heated rooms, tasteful atmosphere. B & 9gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable and the food is excellent. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

### WHERE TO STAY—continued

DEVON, Guest hse. 3 acres grnds. Peaceful yet cent. Packed lunches. Own prod. From 5gns. Haymán, Bossell, Buckfastleigh.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers ideal accom. for the country-lover. Good food, comfort, delightful surroundings.

CORNWALL. Happy carefree holiday in French lady's cottage. 3-4 persons only. Half-mile beach, well-cooked food, personal attn. B.b., dinner at night. 5gns. ea. wkly. Mrs. Luxemburg, 3 Polbreen Lane, St. Agnes.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels, on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and countryside, with supplementary Mini-Guide listing over 500 friendly halts for bed and breakfast, 5s. post free. Victor Hilton, Harbourside, Torquay.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

COTSWOLDS. Cottage guest house; excellent centre; good food; 16s. daily; £4 17s. 6d. wkly. Brochure: Tansley, The Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall, Tye Rock Hotel, Loveliest position sunny S. Cornish coast. Quiet comf.; home cooking; AA rec.

BEAUTIFUL country with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex. (Eastbourne line.) Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6/7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Llanrwst 166.

C'WALL. Farm hse. nr. sea, May/June. Cargeeg, Manor Farm, Botallack, St. Just.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provencal hotel, beautiful, quiet, sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, first-class cuisine, casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Illustrated broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

### SCHOOLS

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THE Town & Country Day School, 38-40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educ. for Gen. Cert. of Education & the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.


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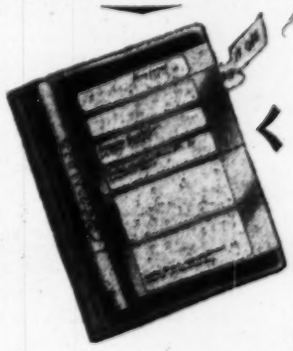

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

LYRIC, Hammersmith. (RIV. 4432.) Evgs. 7.30. Thurs., Sats. 3.0. Andre Morell, Leo McKern, Kynaston Reeves & Philip Bondin. Naval drama. "The Good Sailor." Adapted from novel by Herman Melville.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.) St. Sn. 5, 8. "Comedy of Errors." Mems.

UNITY. Sartre's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.15. Mems. only. EUS. 5391.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin)—Music and Dances of Indonesia on Apr. 16 at 8 p.m., at French Inst., Queensberry Place, S.W.7 (nr. Sth. Ken. Stn.). Film Show on April 24 at the Imperial Institute, Coloured film on Indian Music & Dances, & of Bulganin & Krushchev visit to India. Future mtgs. on Music of Tagore on May 3, of Persia, etc. Seminars and Classes. Frthr. inf. from Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Tel. FIN. 2934.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Ealing Comedy Season. Until Apr. 15: "Whisky Galore!" (A). From Apr. 16: "The Man in the White Suit" (U).

ROXY Cin. BAY. 2345. Apr. 15. Rue de l'Estropade (A), Human Desire (X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Apr. 14. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman in "Casablanca" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

"BULGANIN & Krushchev in India," Soviet colour film at the National Film Theatre, South Bank, S.E.1, 3 p.m., Sun., Apr. 22. Tkts. 2s., 3s., 3s. 6d. and 4s. from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Book early!

SEE Bulganin and Krushchev in colour film "Bharat Darshan" or "Pilgrimage to India", & colour film "Pamposh", Scala Theatre, Sun. Apr. 22, 7 p.m. Apply Asian Film Soc., 11 Greek St., W.1. GER. 0287.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Sat. and Sun. from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tues. from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics. write Sec. or please call at Club.

FOR a friendly, informal evening come to the Central London Fabian Society Dance, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1, Sat., April 14, from 8-11.15 p.m. Adm. 3s. 6d. U. Holb.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., Apr. 14, 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Don Simmons Grp. Mems. 3s. and their guests 5s.

BUY for Peace—British Peace Committee Spring Fair, Holborn Hall, April 20, 6-10 p.m. April 21 10 a.m.-6 p.m. International Goods, Stamps, Clothes, Coffee tables, Modern table lamps & shades. All at bargain prices.

## CONCERTS

SUNDAY, April 15, Royal Festival Hall, 7.30. London Symphony Orchestra, Anthony Collins, Campoli. Symphony No. 43, Haydn; Symphony No. 4, Sibelius; Violin Cto., Elgar. 15s.-3s. 6d. WAT. 3191/Agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sat., April 14, at 3 p.m. "The Royal Festival Hall Organ." Organist: Ralph Downes. Speaker: Felix Aprahamian. Lecture-recital to show the character and uses of the Royal Festival Hall Organ. Musical illustrations will include Toccata & Fugue in D minor, Bach, and Variations and Toccata from Symphony No. 5, Widor. Tickets 3s. 6d. (WAT. 3191).

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Ann Dowdall (Soprano). Concert of 18th Century Music. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm., Sat., Apr. 21, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

DOLMETSCH Concert. Dir.: Carl Dolmetsch. Couperin, Telemann, Mozart, Tomkins, Jenkins, etc. Pepusch Cantata (Alfred Hepworth). Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Fri., Apr. 20, at 7 p.m. 9s., 6s., 3s. (Wat. 3191.)

ROBERT Masters Piano Quartet (Last London Appearance before World Tour). Quartets: Op. 78 Dvorak, Op. 25 Brahms. Trio K.542 (Mozart). Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat. Apr. 14, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sat., Apr. 21, at 3. Ralph Downes and Malcolm Williamson—Organ Recital. Works by Schoenberg, Mellers, Lutyens, Williamson & Messiaen. Tickets: 3s. 6d. (WATerloo 3191 & Agents.)

G. P. TELEMANN: Cantata Ino, Psalm 117, 2 Concerti grossi, Flute quartet in G. Thursday, April 19, 8 p.m. Mary Ward Settlement Theatre, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Ilse Wolf (soprano), Choir, Orchestra, Cond: W. Bergmann. Tickets 3s. from secretary or at the door.

ROYAL Albert Hall. Sun., Apr. 15, 7.30. Tchaikovsky Casse-Noisette Suite and Sym. 5. Rachmaninov Piano Concerto 2. L.P.O., Weldon, Edna Iles. 2s. to 10s. 6d. KEN. 8212. Mgt. Nicholas Choveaux.

KYNASTON Pianoforte School (Leschetizky method). Students Invitation Concert, Wimbledon Town Hall, Thursday, May 3, 7.30 p.m. Invitation programmes from: 21 Denmark Av., S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

LOUIS Kaufman, Violin; Frederick Stone, Pianoforte & Harpsichord. Two Sonata Recitals on aspects of the German Sonata from Bach to Hindemith. Wigmore Hall, Sat. Aftns., Apl. 21 & 28, at 3. 9s., 6s., 3s., at hall, WEL. 2141, & agents.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue. 1s. 6d. post free.

JAPANESE Porcelain, an Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Christian Rohlfs, an Arts Council Exhibition of paintings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till April 28. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. to both exhibitions.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by Ceri Richards; Erich Kahn; and Peter Oliver. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 28.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. First one-man Exhibition of David Tinker. March 28-Apr. 21.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., Soho, W.1. F. N. Souza, new pntgs. Dly. 11-6.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. "The Victorian Scene" in paintings and lithos of the period. E. Bellingham-Smith. Recent paintings. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Josef Herman: Paintings & Drawings, 1940-56. Daily 11-6; Sun. 2-6. Closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: 1st London Exhibition—Avigdor Arikha. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until Apr. 28. 142 New Bond St., W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by L. S. Lowry. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

LOOKING Forward: an Exhibition of realist pictures selected by John Berger. South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, S.E.5. April 18-May 5. Week-days 1-8, Sunday 3-7, closed Friday. Free.

EXHIBITION of Wood Engravings and Colour Prints arranged by the Society of Wood Engravers at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W.1, until May 18. Monday to Friday 10-5, Saturday 10-12.30. Adm. free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Exhibn. of Brazilian Landscape and Garden Designs by Roberto Burle Marx. Opening April 21. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Adm. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. First London exhib. Paintings by Boussard: Pailès: Parker. Until May 5. Dly. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

ZWEMMER, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Pntgs. & Engvs. Dolf Rieser. Ap. 10-May 1. 10-6.

"PARIS-Londres" Pictures recently acquired in France by Degas, Pissaro, Monet, Corot, Rouault, Gromaire, Legueult. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St. W.1

INDUSTRIAL Britain: Exhib. of paintings sponsored by Richard Thomas & Baldwins, Ltd. Chenil Galleries (next to Town Hall), Kings Rd., Chelsea. Dly. inc. Sats. 10-6. Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Two Masters of Colour—Matthew Smith & Roderick O'Conor.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. First Exhib. in England of Sculpture by S. Brandon Kearl. Also Modern Paintings.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sun., April 15, 8 p.m. Play reading: The Bald Prima Donna and The Motor Show by Egene Ionesco. Translator Donald Watson. Producer Graham Evans. Cast includes: Michael Aldridge, Hilda Braid, Sylvia Coleridge and Margot Van Der Burgh. Members 2s. 6d. Guests 4s. Tues., April 17, 8.15 p.m. Illus. lecture on Gaudi by Prof. Henry-Russell Hitchcock. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Thurs., April 19, 8.15. Discussion and Exhibition: Toys and Films of Charles Eams. Speakers incl. Lawrence Bachman. Chair.: Lawrence Alloway. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Mem'ship invited.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. (PARk 7379.) Fri., April 13, 8 p.m. Peter Wiles, M.A., "Soviet Industry." Mon., April 16, 8 p.m. "St. Petersburg of Nicholas I." by I. Butkovsky read by Mme. Wigend (in Russian). Fri. Ap. 20 at 8. Baron Meyendorff, "Liberties of Talent."

LONDON Natural Health Soc. Mon., Apr. 16, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. 7.30. "Homœopathy." Miss G. E. Leonard. Adm. 2s.

"CHINESE Language Reform," by Dr. Michael Halliday. Conway Hall, Friday, Apr. 20, 7.30. Tkts. 1s. B.C.F.A., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TER. 2522, or at door.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, April 15, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham: "Organized Rationalism."

PERSONALIST Group. A.A. Burall, J. B. Coates and A. C. Rankin on "Towards a New Formulation of Religion." Conway Hall, Tuesday, April 17, 7.30 p.m.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PARENTHOOD—by choice or chance? "Any Questions" panel: Dr. Julian Huxley, Lady Pakenham, Dr. J. Bronowski, Mrs. Mary Stocks, Canon Mervyn Stockwood. Chairman: Mr. C. H. Rolph. Caxton Hall, Tues., April 17, at 6.15 p.m. Adm. free, but for reserved seats apply for tickets Family Planning Assocn., 64 Sloane St., London, S.W.1. SLO. 0451/9112.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sunday, April 15. King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse. Rev. G. P. T. Paget King. "The Earth Shall Rise on New Foundations."

FATHER Huddleston speaks at a Public Meeting—a Statement on S. Africa, & questions. Mon., April 23, Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30. Buffet avail. Tkts. now: 2s. 6d. res., 1s. unres. from Christian Action, 2 Amen Ct., E.C.4 (CIT. 6869) or from the Africa Bureau, 30 Old Queen Street, S.W.1.

BRITISH-Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship London Branch. Coffee Hour at the India Club, 41 Craven St., Thurs., April 19, 7 p.m. Guest speaker, Mr. Kingsley Martin: "The Menaces of Colonialism."

MICHAEL Foot on Tory Failure. Public Meeting of St. Marylebone Labour Party (Ward 1 & 2), at Princess of Wales, Corner Belsize Rd. & Abbey Rd., N.W.8. Apr. 17, 8 p.m.

SHAW Society: Apl. 27: G. Handley-Taylor on "Shaw, Holtby & Feminism"; chair. Vera Brittain; May 11: Shaw-Morris mtg.; May 25: "Fougasse." Full details: 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

THE Socialist Party of Great Britain. Public mtg., Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1, Sun., April 15, 7.30. "The New Retreat from Moscow." Spkrs. D'Arcy & Young. Free. Questions, discn.

"CRUELTY to Children" Weekend Conference at Eastbourne, April 20-22. Details: I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon Street, Davies Street, W.1. MAYfair 0632.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri., April 20, 8.30. W. S. Karunaratne, "Buddhism." 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council present "Murals in Norway." Illus. lecture by Gerick Schjeldrup at Burgh House (New End Sq.). Wed. April 18, 8 p.m. Silver colln.

RAMAKRISHNA Anniversary: Caxton Hall (nr. St. James's Park Stn.), Thurs., Apr. 19, 6.30 p.m. Chairman: H. E. Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit. Speakers: Swami Madhavananda; Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S.; Aravinda Basu, M.A., Spalding Lect. All welc.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., April 18, 6.30, second of two public lectures: "Buddhism & Western Psychology," W. S. Karunaratne, M.A. Read "The Middle Way" 2s. 6d. quarterly. Information EUS. 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

INTERNATIONAL Society for Study of Socialism. Inaugural mtg. British Grp. Spkrs. G. D. H. Cole, W. Warbey, M.P., 7.30. Apl. 17, Friends Hse., Euston Rd.

ARCHIBALD Robertson, M.A., "The English Reformers." April 15, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. Free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., April 21. Señor José Picazo: "Andalusian Music," with Spanish commentary.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of 8 illustrated University Extension lectures on "Great English Houses and Gardens," on Thursdays (6.15-7.45 p.m.) beginning April 26, 1956, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, S.W.7. Lecturers will include The Earl of Euston, Major The Hon. Roland Winn, David Green, The Earl Spencer, Dr. Mary Woodall, The Lord Methuen. Fee: 12s. 6d. per course (2s. single lectures), tickets and further information obtainable from the Deputy Director (Ex. 1), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers in October, 1956, a full-time course extending over 2 Sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to 1 session. Full dets. & forms of application may be obtained from: Registrar, Univ. College, Singleton Pk., Swansea.

LONDON University & other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance Faculty requirements, or direct entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. Econ., B.Sc. Soc., LL.B., & Diplomas, G.C.E. (all levels, all other Examining Bodies), Law. Prosp. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

## LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

WHAT do you know about the economics of monopolies, tariffs, subsidies, inflation, rent, wages, interest, etc., etc.? Ten week Study Course (with discussion) at the Henry George School of Social Science will help you to get to grips with the fundamentals that underlie the economic problems of the day. Course is not confined to Henry George's theories. Start with the Basic Course. You may enrol on the opening night at the addresses given below without any other formality. (Telephone ABB. 6695 for School Prospectus). Classes are free (textbook 5s.). Westminster at 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1, Thursdays, 7-9 p.m. beginning April 19; Ilford, at the Ilford Club, Balfour Rd. (Ilford Station), Wednesdays, 8-10 p.m., beginning April 18; Wood Green, at Trinity Grammar School, Wednesdays, 8-10 p.m., beginning April 18.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for admission in session 1956-57 to the course leading to the Diploma in the Psychology of Childhood. This is a one-year full-time course for qualified teachers (whether graduates or not) who wish to equip themselves for work in training colleges, remedial education services, and specialist advisory appointments in education. Candidates must be qualified teachers with some teaching or other relevant experience; those whose teaching experience amounts to at least 5 years may be eligible for secondment on full salary by their Local Education Authorities, or alternatively for grant from the Ministry of Education. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Head of the Education Dept., The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3. The number of places avail. is limited and applications should be submitted as early as possible. G. L. Barnes, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for admission in session 1956-57 to the course leading to the Post-Graduate Diploma in Educational Psychology. This is a one-year full-time course providing training (recognised by the British Psychological Society's Committee of Professional Psychologists) for teachers wishing to qualify as educational psychologists in child guidance clinics & school psychological services. Candidates must have an honours degree in psychology or its equiv., and have had at least 2 years' teaching experience. Qualified teachers whose previous teaching experience is not less than 5 years may be eligible for secondment on full salary by their Local Education Authorities, or alternatively for grant from the Ministry of Education. Provisional applications will be received from otherwise qualified candidates who are in the final year of their degree crse. Further partics. and forms of application may be obtained from the Head of the Education Dept., The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3. The number of places avail. is limited, and applications should be submitted as early as possible. G. L. Barnes, Secretary.

TEACHERS of English to foreigners. Short training courses (evenings) for prospective teachers in this specialised but neglected field, April 23 to May 30, and in July. Partics. from Davies's School of English, 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7 (WES. 6564).

FOREIGN Languages. New term private & class tuition daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20-21 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates & others. 6 months' & 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14. Tel. PARk 8392.

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